Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—5 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 37.

Around Town.

I never understood the deep cunning of the Pharisees when they tempted Christ with regard to the payment of his taxes, until I observed the popular disinclination of even the best of citizens to subscribe their quota for the maintenance of municipal or general government. The Pharisees no doubt felt that the temptation would be increased because the followers of the Master had called him King, and one king does not like to pay tribute to another. Again, preachers have shown a strong aversion to paying their taxes like other people, and in those days, no doubt, the religious teachers wanted besides their salary, the usual ten per cent. off, free house and no taxes. Furthermore, no man likes to pay taxes. He gives up his money to the collector with the same reluctance as when a highwayman calls upon him to stand and deliver. In view of these points the Pharisees must have been surprised when they heard his answer, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

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How do people nowadays render unto Cæsar? As a general rule they lie to the assessor either in words or by concealment. What rich man or rich woman of your acquaintance cheerfully pays his or her full share of taxation? How many do you know among business people who tell the truth about the value of their stock or belongings? These thoughts are suggested to me by the triumphant cheerfulness of a merchant who told me he has $40,000 worth of goods in his store, and pays taxes on $2,500. The assessor threatened to increase the amount, but the merchant, who is a good church member, solemnly assured him that while the stock was worth $40,000, he owed $45,000. He did not explain to the assessor that $40,000 of the $45,000 was owing on his real estate, worth over $100,000. He told me he was glad the assessor did not ask any more questions because he would have "hated to tell a fib." Now his untruthfulness was just the same as if in set terms he had told a lie; the intention to deceive was manifest.

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The instance the other day at New York where a Minnesota clergyman was discovered with a false bottom in his trunk under which were concealed a large amount of dutiable goods is another example of how really religious and probably pious people delude themselves with the idea that it is not really wrong to cheat the government or to beat the municipality out of a certain amount of taxes. There are very few people indeed who won't smuggle a few things over the customs line in their pocket or handbag, their smuggling not being confined to little things by principle, but by fear of detection.

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I believe that taxes should be collected in the same strict manner as the customs dues. A false entry at the customs house means the seizure of the goods in question and the infliction on the delinquent of a heavy fine. Why should not our taxes be collected in the same way? If a false statement is made let the property in question be seized and a fine imposed. No doubt there would still be false entries made, but they would be limited, while now they are the rule. So general has the practice of misleading the assessors become that ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the taxpayers feel in duty bound to make false statements, the effect being an increase of untruthfulness without even any considerable profit to the delinquents.

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One stinging injustice is noticeable, that the poor have to pay the last farthing, while the rich are those who escape most easily. It is easy to discover the income of a poor man, and very difficult to obtain a correct statement of the belongings of the wealthy. Such a system as I suggest would rectify this and temper considerably the frosty wind which just about now strikes the cuticle of the shorn lamb.

Talking about clergymen and taxes suggests a comparison between the work done by the preachers and those editors who think it so smart to scoff at the extended holidays taken by their clerical brethren. A clergyman has to deliver two sermons a week which, if reported in full, would make about three and a half columns each of an ordinary newspaper, total seven columns. The editor writes a column or a column and a half of matter per day, making perhaps nine columns a week. He may have a good many callers, but not more than the preacher. He does not have to attend in the pastor's room on Monday night to give counsel and comfort to those who need it; nor does he have a bible-reading on Tuesday night, nor is he required to lead prayer meeting Wednesday night, or keep the choir from tearing one another's hair out on Friday evening, or conduct funerals or officiate at weddings at odd times during the week. Nor is he called upon to visit the sick. Taking it altogether I think the preacher more than makes up the extra two columns of work.

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It may be said that the parson in speaking on religion has a stock subject, as it were. This is also true of the editor's politics, the prognostications with regard to a European war, the crops, the demoralization of the opposite party, references to the records of his opponents, etc., etc. In fact, the ordinary editor is quite as much given to threshing out of old straw as the preacher. Furthermore, the editor has the advantage of seeing the expression of opinion of all the other editors and their writings supply him with nine-tenths of his material. The preacher has no opportunity to hear other preachers. He can only read books which are accessible to his hearers, and from which he cannot obtain anything more than a suggestion or the newspapers will hasten to convict him of plagiarism.

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The comparison rests on the literary merit of the matter produced and the amount of time and care necessary to its production. What reputable editor, speaking either of his own work or that of his contemporaries, will allege that any vast amount of thought is given to the editorial articles of the day. The general reader recognizes the fact that the reporter supplies the editor with much of his data, and that the latter is not always sufficiently careful to digest the subject before he expresses an opinion. Many of the editorials we see show many signs of careless composition and faulty logic. It is also true that the majority of sermons are full of padding and stale expressions. If editors are careless in seeking new garments for their thoughts it is even more the case with preachers, many of whom seem to imagine it sinful to dress up their ideas in an attractive form. Both have the same excuse—lack of time—but it comes with bad grace when one criticizes the other. No doubt in this world both are overworked if they do their duty, and there is just as little doubt that both forget their duty much too frequently. Even though this be true the editor who sneers at the pastor who forsakes his flock for two months in the year, should remember that for twelve months in the year he has perhaps forgotten his duty to the country in his zeal for his party and that everything but the highest motives have prompted the majority of his editorial utterances. By the way, during his two months' holidays it would not be amiss for the parson in the quietude of his fishing, or while he listens to what the wild waves are saying, to interview himself on the subject of how during the past year he has conducted himself, and whether his utterances have been inspired by a desire to save souls or to have his salary increased; whether the ambition to have a wealthy congregation and a fashionable church has not sometimes loomed up between him and the "mansions which have been prepared for all those who love Him."

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While discussing the reprieve of Maxwell, doome to death for the murder of Preller, in more than one of the daily papers, invidious comparisons have been made between British and United States justice, and it has been more than once asserted that, had the crime been committed under British jurisdiction, Maxwell, *alias* Brooks, would have long ago suffered the penalty of the law. It will be somewhat difficult for these editorial gentlemen, who are so fond of thanking the Lord that they are not as their republican neighbors are, to harmonize their criticisms with the action of the British Government, who have requested that another reprieve be granted the condemned man. It is very seldom that governments interfere in such matters, and it would be quite as fair for the editors who have been unjustly alleging that gold has been the cause of judicial leniency to now state that Lord Salisbury's interference was procured by either social or monetary influence.

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The *Globe's* Board of Trade edition is the most creditable thing of the kind ever issued in Toronto. When it is said it is superior to anything heretofore produced in this city it is equivalent to giving it the first place in Canadian enterprise. The *Globe* jogs pretty slowly in some respects, but the enterprise of its commercial staff cannot be discounted.

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Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, head of surveys of the Ontario Government, says that Toronto is in the very heart of a district eminently favorable to the production of natural gas, a statement which should excite the attention of enterprising explorers. The discovery of such gas would bring manufacturers here, and make Toronto boom, and her industries flourish like a green bay window.

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Quite a ripple of excitement has been caused by the resignation of Sir George Stephen as president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the election of Mr. VanHorne in his stead. It may cause a temporary flurry in C. P. R. stock but the change is one which will probably benefit the road. Mr. VanHorne is aggressive and knows his business. Under his management the C. P. R. will not suffer.

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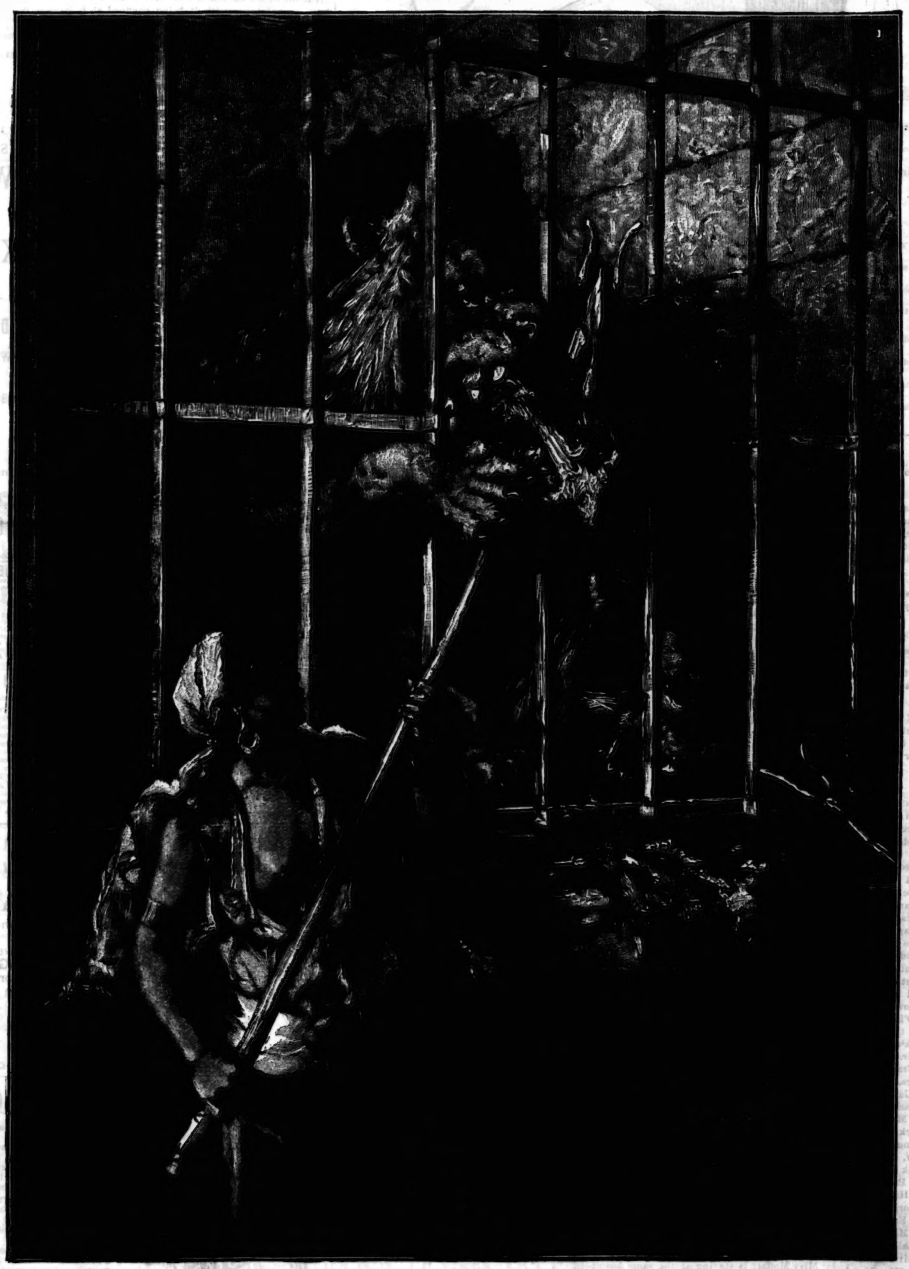
The resignation of Levi P. Morton, who was a director, is rather a funny episode. He happens to be the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, and just now his party are making a vicious attack on Canadian railways and demanding an inquiry as to whether they are not diverting business which should be done within the republic. I have not seen it commented upon by the daily press, but with the fact in view that Mr. Morton was an official of the Canadian road, the attacks of the Republicans upon Cleveland as pro-English should react on the bombastic orators who seem ready to tear themselves loose from any quantity of the silliest balderdash for election purposes.

DON.



THE NUMIDIAN LION TAMER FEEDING HER PETS.

The Numidian Lion Tamer Feeding Her Pets.

The vivid animalism aimed at in the conception of this striking picture, has been successfully brought out by the painter Werthaimer, and has met the flattering approval of the critics. The lusty animalism of the Amazonian tamer needs but to be seen to be appreciated and the savagery of the animal's brutish hunger—

His native fury roused by scent of blood—
The fierce Numidian vents his native ire
In furious rending of the emangulé'd food,
Ere hideous Famine glats its foul desire,

In the Ward of Saint John the Divine.

Bruis'd and batter'd I lay till the ambulance came,
And the arm of the Law held a space
Where rough and philanthropist selfishly fought
For one look at a pallid young face.
Then I fainted away from the torturing pain,
And consciousness never was mine,
Till I gazed from the sheets of a hospital cot
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

What vision was yon—when the doctors had gone,
That seem'd as an angel of light,
In a *frou-frouless* gown, and a dainty white cap,
Who had ruth on my dolorous plight?
Ah! I would that this pen could the winsomeness trace
Of that brow, and her nose—aquiline—
And the calm, witching grace of my dignified nurse
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

Believe me! 'twas tempting to have those red lips
(As Pat says) "adjacently close,"
And pleasant to gaze on those deft little hands
As they portion'd the nauseous dose; [fell,
And her soft, low, "good night"—when the long shadows
Touch'd my heart so, I ne'er could repine
At the pain and the ache of the weary night hours
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

But the pain and the ache of the weary night hours
Seem'd as naught when the morning-light came,
And brought in its wake—to replace the night-watch,
"Sister Alice," (and sweet as her name)
Oh! how soft was her touch, and delightfully cool,
Yet, to flirting she ne'er would incline,
Demurely she said that the word was unknown
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

By the blood of my sires! Could those violet eyes
Never a lover's hot pulses have stirr'd?
Had no answering flush ever mantled that brow
When the accents of passion were heard?
So I flung down my glove in the list of True Love
Where Ruff'ring had long held her shrine, [work)
(How the Board would have stared had it known of such
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

But the castle held out, and its fair chatelaine
Smil'd unconscious of Love's potent spell,
And oft, when I deemed that the fortress was won,
I had failed at the first parallel.
Yet who—save a dastard—would count a repulse
As defeat, and, despairing, resign
One jot of his claim to the loveliest form
In the ward of Saint John the Divine?

'Tis true she rebuked; but I also was heard,
And reproof grew suspiciously less,
Till, one day, her reply to a question I ask'd
Had mushy the flavor of "Yes."
As the Board went no further than brotherly love,
"Sister Alice" was ask'd to resign,
And each pillow was wet with the tear of regret
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

When the north wind is high, and the curtains are drawn,
In the firelight's calm, ruddy glow
I sit, and I dream of the hours that are fled
To the shades of the dear long ago;
And the maiden who fills my post-prandial pipe,
And whose cheek nestles close unto mine,
Is the image of her who enraptured my heart
In the ward of Saint John the Divine.

TORONTO, August 8, 1888. H. K. COCKIN.

Society.

Mrs. Henry Totten has gone to Buffalo to spend some weeks with relations.

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The Hon. Mrs. C. J. Douglass has returned from the North-West, where she has been visiting two of her sons living there, and is staying with her mother, Mrs. Holmestead, on Church street, prior to returning to her home in England early in October.

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Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson spent a few days in the city last week, staying at the Queen's Hotel.

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Sir William and Lady Young of London were in town for a short time last week.

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Miss Gamble returned last week from British Columbia, where she has been for a year visiting her brother.

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Miss Violet Burns, daughter of Dr. Burns, College avenue, sailed from Quebec on the Parisian, Allan line, last week for Europe. She will go to Germany for a year or two to complete her education in music.

The weather on Thursday of last week favored the Victoria Club, Huron street, when the formal opening of tennis, in connection with the club, took place. The President, Dr. H. W. Spragge, and Vice-President Albert Nordheimer received the guests upon their entrance to the grounds, and welcomed them to this new organization. A match or rather matches were played between the Victorias and the Granites, and proved of much interest to the spectators, who watched and applauded the play liberally. Refreshments were served in the south-east corner of the ground, in the tent, and a constant stream of visitors paid good attention to this rendezvous. As this entertainment was rather private, the audience was limited in number. Among the honored were the following: Mrs. E. W. Spragge, Dr. and Mrs. O'Rielly, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Miss Small, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. and the Misses Lockhart, Mr. R. Lockhart, the Misses Green, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. E. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Mrs. Bunting, Miss Horrox, the Misses Boulton, Miss Birchall, the Misses Frazer, Messrs. Capreol, A. E. Plummer, Cassimer Dickson, Stuart Morrison, Hollyer, Gibbs and Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Birchall, the Misses Shanly, the Misses McLean, Miss McLean, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Miss Thorburn, Messrs. W. W. Strathy, Harry Hayes, Alf. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Miss Wragge, Miss Short, Mrs. English, Mr. George Stimson, Mr. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Lewyn, Miss Laidlaw, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. Dwight, Mrs. Ellis. A few pretty toilets were noticed. Miss Maude Beatty wore a becoming Liberty silk, navy blue and white, and a very stylish hat turned up at the back trimmed with the two colors. Miss Beatty's was a decidedly Frenchy looking dress—pale coffee pongee silk, with trimmings of three other colors, robin-egg blue, crushed strawberry and pale yellow. Mrs. Walter Dickson was dressed in a cool, biscuit colored lace frock which was well suited to her delicate and beautiful complexion. Mrs. Cosby's pale pink chambray and black lace bonnet with pale pink roses in front was much admired. Mrs. Yarker came in navy blue *en suite*. Miss Boulton, coffee lace and china silk, bonnet to match with a wreath of pink flowers. Miss Birchall had on a pretty crushed strawberry delaine, trimmed with ribbons of the same shade and pale fawn lace, lace bonnet and flowers, and a striped sunshade of brown and cream. Miss Frazer looked unusually well in a pale mauve silk gauze, bonnet to match. Mrs. Gamble, electric blue cashmere, trimmed with a mixed pattern of Liberty silk, and a becoming bonnet of the two materials. Miss Shanly wore a striped mauve and white cambric, bonnet of the former shade in tulle. Miss Gertie Lockhart in slight mourning was gowned in a white lawn, black sash, gloves and a shirred black muslin hat. Miss Rutherford looked extremely well in a flowered sateen on heliotrope ground, Gainsboro hat of the same shade; her younger sister wore a smart white china silk, and a tulle bonnet with flowers.

•

Mr. and Mrs. George Bethune have gone to Roach's Point for the rest of the summer.

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Miss Catto has returned from visiting relations at Hamilton, but intends starting off again for Paris, Ont.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and family will be absent in Europe for two or three years.

•

Miss Madge Ince returned to town yesterday, after an absence of about four weeks.

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Mr. Frank Jones went to Eastwood and spent last Sunday with his sister.

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Mrs. E. Henry Duggan accompanied her husband to Niagara last Friday to witness the bowling tournament held at the Queen's Royal on Friday and Saturday. They both returned to the city on Monday morning.

•

Miss Bessie Kemp of 35 St. Vincent street went to Lake Simcoe last week to spend a month. Her sister, Miss Alice, returned from that place the same day.

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Mr. Clarkson Jones has purchased the beautiful residence lately occupied by Mr. Remy Elmslie, and at present by Mr. Walter Beardmore, on St. Joseph street, and will move in early in the autumn.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Gamble have taken up their quarters on the Island, in the house of their son, Mr. H. D. Gamble, during his absence at the seaside.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are staying with Mrs. Stephen Heward at Edinswold, near Orillia.

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The first to return amongst the Torontonians who have been to Europe this summer is Mr. Victor Cawthra, who arrived last week.

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Miss Wragge is amongst the guests whom Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell are entertaining at Longrissa, on the Georgian Bay.

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Miss Moffatt is staying at the same hospitable lakeside house.

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Mr. Benjamin Cronyn left last Saturday to spend two or three weeks at Murray Bay.

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Capt. Sears and Mr. Gordon Jones have returned from Lake Superior. These gentlemen say that the praises which the trout fishing on the river Nipissing have received are not too high. They met with splendid sport.

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Miss Saunders, a sister of the well-known cricketer of that name, is staying with Mrs. Shanly on Wilcox street.

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Mr. Frere, who has been moved from Quebec to fill the adjutancy at the new Infantry School at London, on his way through town this week was staying with his brother officer, Capt. Sears, at the New Fort.

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It is understood that Miss Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Warring Kennedy of St. George street, will be married to Dr. J. E. Elliott of Wilton avenue, the first week of October.

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It is a pity that the visit of the cricketers from Scabright, New York, should not have been made at a time when more people are in town, and that a greater number of ladies should not have witnessed the fine batting display on the part of the Toronto eleven in the first match, and the wonderfully close and exciting finish of the second on Wednesday evening. On Tuesday, considering the deadness of the season, and the fact that the number of people in Toronto who care for cricket is very limited, the attendance was good, and the two most successful batsmen cannot have been dissatisfied with the ovation they received at the conclusion of their respective innings. Mr. Arthur Allan played very good cricket while the performance of the young cricketer who plays under the cricket *nom de plume* of Riley cannot be too highly praised. The remark of a morning paper that a more attractive innings has probably never been played on the Toronto grounds was fully justified. Amongst the ladies present on Tuesday I noticed the Misses Shanly, Miss Saunders, Mrs. Rene Gamble, Mrs. Allen, and the Misses Walker. I noticed that the visitors from the States seemed to be even more proficient in the art of making themselves agreeable to the fair spectators than they were in the art of the game itself.

The time for the much talked of visit of the gentlemen cricketers of Ireland draws near. I fear that a great number, if not most of those who would be likely to attend the match, will be still out of town, but it is to be hoped that this attraction, and that of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club's annual tournament on the following week, will bring a good many people back.

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Hon. George Allan and Mrs. Allan leave today for Strathallan, their place on Lake Simcoe.

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Although for some years past Miss Campbell, Sir Alexander Campbell's eldest daughter, has not resided in Canada, the news of her death will be received with sorrow by those who remember her, and sympathy for the popular Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell will be very general. Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell are expected at Government House shortly before the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. David Reid, who three years ago resided in Toronto for a winter, and whose memory is still green, arrived this week from England, and though their present abode is a hotel, report says that they purpose once more to take a house and reside here for some months.

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Mr. Baillie-Hamilton and Lady Evelyn Baillie-Hamilton, who were expected to return to Toronto about this time, have decided to prolong their stay in England for some months, or even longer.

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The private car of the Scabright cricketers at the Union Station was the scene of much hilarity on both Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. After being entertained elsewhere, these gentlemen royally entertained their entertainers, and the rivalry of the cricket field was drowned in the sparkling bowl.

In this horrid torrid weather the only musical news one can gather is either reminiscential or prophetic. Indulgence in the former is rather like the garrulity of old age, an attribute I am in no hurry to lay claim to, so I will rather indulge in prophecy this week, a line more fitted to the verdancy and freshness of youth, to which I am clinging so desperately. I have been nosing around among the societies, and while I have not been able to secure many futurities, there are a few which will be of interest to us musical fellows.

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The Philharmonic Society will do Handel's Samson and Beethoven's Mount of Olives. The former work has been well done by the Choral Society, and I am told that it is with no feeling of rivalry that its older sister takes up Handel's great work, but rather from a consciousness that its repertoire would be incomplete without Sampson. The other work is a great one by a great master, and is little known here, acquaintance with it being confined almost wholly to its glorious Hallelujah Chorus. In addition to these, the Messiah will be sung again at Xmas time, probably on Thursday, December 27. This bespeaks a season of considerable vigor for Mr. Torrington's society, and it is to be hoped that the members will get to work in good season, so as not to let the last concert drag out into the hot weather as it did last year.

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The Choral Society and Mr. Edward Fisher have reconsidered the idea of remaining silent during the coming season, and the present intention is to give one concert. Precisely what the subject will be cannot be determined until Mr. Fisher's return on August 25. The Toronto Vocal Society, we may be sure, will put forth its best efforts to maintain its high position in our midst; and although its programme is not yet made public, we may be sure it will be a good one.

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Mr. Torrington's orchestra has become perennial, and will come out this year with augmented forces and a diversified programme. Among the pieces to be played are the andante and menuetto from the Jupiter Symphony; Leutner's Fest Overture; an effective arrangement of Ruff's Cavatina, in which the solo is carried by all the first violins; Brahm's Hungarian Dances, a most exquisite selection; Meyerbeer's Coronation March; Lumbye's Traumbilder, introducing a zither solo; and some fine dances with, as a matter of course, vocal numbers as well.

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The Harmony Club is in that peculiar state when nobody knows what will be done, and when nobody appears to be thinking very hard about the matter. Talent its members have, and one or two traditions of success they have, but they seem to be hopelessly laid on the shelf. That corruscation of art's brightest stellar scintillations, the Toronto Amateur Christy Minstrel Club, threatens a siege this winter, led by Eddie Rutherford and Ernie Arnoldi, who will be assured of victory if they can only count upon Roly Moffatt's help.

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At Christmas the Canadian Society of Musicians meets and will hold examinations for membership. A rich thing in this connection is that in the official calendar, where the requirements of candidates are enumerated, the following appears: "*Each candidate*, in addition to the subject on which *they* wish to be examined, will be required to satisfy the Literary Board of Examiners as to their general literary knowledge." How is this for high? I fancy that if the "Literary" Board confesses authorship of the above, it will not be a very difficult job to satisfy it of "their" literary knowledge.

METRONOME.

An Infallible Safeguard.

Higgins—Wonder what kind of weather we'll have to-day, Wiggins?
Wiggins—I expect a fair, clear day.
Higgins—Then why on earth are you carrying that umbrella and macintosh?
Wiggins—So that it will be certain to be a fair, clear day.

Pessimism.

First Philosopher—What do you think of Mr. Smith?
Second Philosopher—I despise him.
First Philosopher—Why?
Second Philosopher—He saved my life once.

CHINA HALL CHINA HALL

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FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

A BROKEN HEART

Written for "Saturday Night," by Agnes Preston of Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER I.

On a cool summer's evening towards the middle of June, a soft balmy evening, one that seems to make everybody seem perfectly happy and contented with themselves and everyone else. The first roses are in bloom, sending a deliciously fresh and clean odor everywhere. Lilacs grow in great profusion, while long beds of tulips are bearing their last flowers, some are dead, and others withered and dry.

These all grow in a large garden in front of a huge stone house. Such an old-fashioned house, large gabled windows and tiny piazzas, seem to jut out at every corner and turn.

A couple come out and walk down the wide stoop. The man, a tall, splendidly built young fellow of perhaps twenty-five summers who wears a white flannel suit fitting him perfectly. His coat is thrown back, and shows a shirt of the same, laced with navy blue cord. A felt hat pushed back, reveals a head covered with dark, short, curly hair. His eyes are large and dark; the mustache that covers his mouth is dark and curly, and underneath is a mouth filled with white, even teeth.

His companion is directly the opposite, a short, slim, little creature, with large, wistful eyes, gray and brown mingled together. A small, pouting mouth and her nose give her whole face a delightfully saucy expression, by having a wee tilt to it. She is dressed in black, all black, and a large, black hat covers her head.

As they leave the house in the distance and go down a winding path leading to the river, he puts his arm around her waist and draws her to a seat, a rustic bench under a clump of maples. She lays her head wearily on his shoulder, her hat falls back, showing in the dim twilight a small mouth raised to his, a fair curly head, and eyes filled with tears. He presses his lips lovingly to hers and whispers sweet, fond words, while he tries to comfort her.

"My little Amy, please, dearest, try and be brave; try and make my parting with you less bitter."

"Ah, Lee, Lee, I do try, I cannot be brave, I am foolish, dear, do listen," as he tries to interrupt her; "listen, darling," and she steals one little hand into his. "I cannot help imagining that something dreadful will happen, I am foolish, but, oh, dear Lee," her voice wavers and grows weaker, "I do wish——papa had not——made you promise——what he did——" She can say no more and buries her face in his coat, sobs gently, while he says:

"Little Amy, my own darling, surely you trust me, surely you know that I love you. Oh, little one, I only wish that promise had not been wrung from me on your father's dying bed. To morrow my luck commences; I will always think that I am working for you, dear. And if ever I feel discouraged the memory of your dear little face will encourage me. Now, little Golden, give me one cry and bright smile and sweet kisses, and not let me carry away a sad little face in my memory."

The small mouth is raised again to his, and he kisses her mouth, her eyes, her cheeks, kisses her till she smiles sadly up into his face and says:

"Lee, I do believe you love me, indeed, indeed I do," and she raises her hand, a small hand, with a tiny ruby ring on the engagement finger, and drawing his head down says in a gentle, yet half-jealous way, "Lee, if you ever see a girl while you are away whom you think that you could ever learn to love don't talk to her, don't speak to her—because—listen, Lee—I would die—or, far worse—go—mad." She has risen and stands before him. "I have had beaux by the score, crowds of admirers, but I care for none, only you, Lee. My love is not a foolish, romantic love. But a love buried deeply, deeply in the very depths of my heart, Lee," her voice is pitifully sad now, "Lee, say you will always love me, dear, say——" But she gets no farther for he has drawn her to him and says, in a broken voice:

"Little one I do love you now and always. In one year I shall come for you, I have no relations in the world excepting a couple of old aunts, and you no one excepting Jack and May. Pray for me, dear, to have good luck and come back in a year from now to you."

"Lee, I cannot bear to let you go, a year, a whole year, how can I live without you. I have no one, papa, dear old papa dead. Jack and May have their own love to live for. It is so cruel, oh, so cruel. I could bear being poor if I had you always, but to be without you, oh Lee, Lee, you are stronger and a man, and can bear it better than I can," and she turns her head away and tears stream down her flushed cheeks. Her lover bends and drawing her hat on her head says,

"Darling, it is getting chilly, we had better go in or Jack will be anxious about your cold.

"Hold me for one minute and tell me how much you really do love me."

He clasps her in his arms and answers, "How much, oh, Golden, little golden head. I love you better than my very life. Love you so well that I am only going away, to try my luck for your sake, for the sake of my little wife. I only wish I could marry you before I go—but my promise, darling——

"I will be brave, dear—come," and she slips her hand through his arm and they go towards the house.

Lee Russel is Amy Griffiths' lover, she is only eighteen, but they have been engaged a year. She is the belle of the village in which she lives and has numberless beaux. Lee is the only one that she has ever condescended to notice, and before her father, old Major Griffiths, a poor but proud old gentleman, died, Lee had promised him not to marry Amy till he could keep her in every comfort. Lee was only a clerk in the village bank and with little chance of promotion. He had letters of recommendation and introduction to some of the Major's friends in New York and was to leave that night to try his luck. The Major had only been dead a month, and his will, some of the village gossips said, was very eccentric. The homestead he left to Jack, his eldest and only boy. Amy was to live with them and have fifty pounds a year as long as she lived with them. When she married, Jack was to get it. If Amy felt this at all, no one knows it. And the people discussed their affairs freely, but were no wiser by trying to persuade Amy to chatter about it.

As Amy and Lee stole up the steps, they saw lights in every window, and in the library a delicate supper was laid for four. Jack was lying on the sofa, while his pretty wife, a bride of three months, sat beside him on a low stool, and was rubbing her soft pink cheek against her husband's, in a kittenish sort of a way.

"Oh! Lee, why is it we cannot be happy? I do not believe I shall ever have you for my own."

"Foolish little girl," and he squeezes her small hand. As they go in Jack draws up his long legs and rises. He sees Amy's sad face and goes to her, puts his arm around her waist and whispers something in her ear.

At the table Amy eats nothing, and though Lee tries to enjoy all the dainties set before him, each mouthful sticks in his throat, as he sees Amy's sad little face.

They sit and talk a little while, and then Lee rises rather abruptly, and tells them he has to pack his satchel yet, as he leaves at midnight.

Jack grasps his hand, and says, trying to be gay, "We will take great care of your little girl, so don't worry, Russel," he adds as Amy leaves the room and goes out in the porch to wait. "Russel, be true to her, for she is very devoted to you."

"Do, Mr. Russel, write often to cheer her, for she will be so lonely; I know what I is," and little Mrs. Griffiths raises her black eyes to his, and then goes to Jack who has his arm around her and smiles.

"I will, indeed, I will," and he shakes their hands again and goes to Amy, who is waiting for him with a white shawl wrapped around her.

"Oh! Lee, Lee! hurry and say good-bye to me, I cannot bear this awful parting. Kiss me, darling, now I will walk to the gate with you, and, as he draws her hand through his arm, he bends and kisses her and wraps her cloak more closely around her slight figure. They walk slowly to the gate.

"In a year from now, dear, will you come and wait for me here, dear; wait at this seat, and, no matter what happens, I will come to you. And now, Golden, smile and tell me you will wait and watch.

"I will wait and watch, dearest, though it be years and years; and, oh! Lee, good—bye—good—bye!"

"My only love, little Amy, good-bye—dear—good—bye——" A few more kisses, a few more tears and he has gone—gone, and Amy rushes into the house, upstairs into her room. She throws herself on the bed, and sobs and tosses till far into the night; and then rising dons her dressing-gown, letting down her long hair, washes her face in cool water and sits at the window and thinks of her lover till nearly morning; and then lying down falls into a heavy slumber, and rises late with a pale face, and tries to be happy, but is not quite herself till she gets one of his letters.

CHAPTER II.

A year has come and gone, only a year, yet many know that a year can make innumerable changes. Amy Griffiths has heard regularly from her lover, it is just one year from the day that he left her. She is waiting for the mail and one of Lee's letters.

"Oh, here comes Jack, and May, I am positive he has my letter," and with her face radiant with smiles she runs down the path to meet her brother, while May bends and kisses her baby boy; and thinks of the time when Jack was her boy lover.

"Oh, May! he has not got a letter for me and I ought to have received one yesterday;" and as May sees her woebegone face, she answers quickly:

"I dare say, dear, he is going to come and surprise you; put on the new cream and pink dress in honor of his arrival, and discard all signs of black for mourning."

"Oh, yes, Lee used to love pink and cream," and she goes up-stairs a great deal happier, and lays out her dress adding a little dainty touch here and there, and she has a smile on her face as she thinks of Lee's joy at seeing her, remembering all his kind and loving letters, and his declarations of love. She goes down stairs with a happy heart, and amuses May and the baby, so that they both laugh. The baby coos at her, and Amy carries him off to his nurse, kicking and cooing lustily. She then goes to her room and dresses herself carefully, adds a pretty fresh rose to her already dainty attire, and as she looks in the glass, a picture, really lovely, is reflected, she smiles, and unconscious of her beauty, only thinks of her dress and how that looks. She then throws a shawl around her and steals down to the seat by the gate. She hears the train come in at the station across the fields. It seems weeks before the stage comes, and as she hears it rattling along she rises, her face seems on fire, her cheeks burn with excitement, the very limbs that hold her seem to shake as the stage stops at the gate, a man alights, she presses her hand to her head and says, "Lee, oh, dear Lee." But Amy gives a low sound and then seems to stand still, and staggering forward she sees Frank Anderson, one of her most ardent admirers, who always brings the letters in the evening hoping to see Amy's dear face.

"Frank, have you a letter for me?" her voice is piteously sad, and it makes Frank dreadfully jealous, and he only answers:

"Yes, Amy."

"Oh, Frank, thanks, thank you," and grasping it from him, regardless of the rudeness of leaving him alone, flies up stairs with nimble feet to her room, she kisses the seal like a child and tears it open, reads—but only one short page a second—and she falls on the floor with a loud cry. Frank had been passing down to the hall and rushed in, with May at his very heels. They only see a small heap of cream and pink, and a golden head buried in the soft carpet. Amy is unconscious. Jack picks up the letter from her side and as he reads the first lines his face turns an ashen hue and he mutters, while he tears the letter of nearly a dozen sheets, in a thousand pieces.

"The d— rascal married—poor little Amy," he bends and with his eyes nearly blinded with tears, lifts the small figure of Amy gently on the bed and has Frank Anderson go immediately for a doctor. Dr. Rhodes has known Amy from babyhood and as he bends over the small, white face he hears her murmur:

"Oh, Lee, Lee, why did you not come," a sob fills the room, as May asks in a voice broken and sad:

"Oh, Doctor, tell us the truth, the very truth."

"Mrs. Griffiths, God knows I only wish I could spare you, but her condition is very critical." And then Jack leads his wife away sobbing.

Amy lies at the point of death for many days, a professional nurse is in attendance and at the end of three weeks she opens her eyes and gazes around her with large, expressionless eyes, the nurse hears her murmur and bends to catch what she says:

"Lee, oh, Lee! I will wait, dear! I am waiting, Lee, at the gate—Lee! Lee!" and her voice seems to end in a wail.

Hush!—try and sleep, dear," and she gives her some cooling draught, and bathes her hot head. When the doctor comes she is sleeping gently and quietly, and when the nurse tells him, he shakes his head, going over to her as she opens her eyes and stares vacantly at him. The doctor leaves the room, and goes to Jack and Amy, who are waiting anxiously in the library.

"Tell us! oh, doctor, tell us!" and May, with both hands clasped watches his face closely.

"I only wish I could be spared this task—but you must know. Mrs. Griffiths, try and bear up—try and be brave. Little Amy will never be the same; her mind has left her."

Oh, my God! my God!" and Jack's head falls forward on the table, while sob after sob shakes his whole form. Dr. Rhodes leaves him. He knows it is not for him to be there. They ought to be alone in their sorrow, and with an aching heart he goes home and no one sees him till late the next day.

May sees Jack's agony, and although her heart is nearly bursting, and tears stream down her face, she goes over to her husband, and bending over him, takes his hands away, and as his head sinks on her shoulder, she sobbingly says, "Oh! dearest Jack, try and bear up—oh! Jack, for my sake. I am heart-broken; but when I see you feeling so badly, it makes my grief far worse. Dearest, try for my sake and baby's."

"I am a coward, dear, a beastly coward; but, oh, May! think of Amy, our bright, happy little Amy—to be—oh! I can't believe it," and he shakes like an aspen leaf. "To think of him, oh, God! I know God will punish him as he deserves. I will bear up, little woman, for your sake and Amy's; in time I am positive that she will be better. Come, let us go to her," and, putting his arm around her waist, they go up and into the room. The nurse holds up her finger as they enter. They stand before the foot of the bed and gaze at what was once Amy. Her eyes are closed, and the long, golden lashes sweep her cheek. Her tiny hand is raised over her head, and on one finger a small ruby ring. Her arm is bare, and they see how thin she has grown; for her arm used to be beautifully plump and round. They stand and watch her, and as Jack's eye notices the ring he frowns and turns paler than before. Amy opens her eyes, and in them they see no sign of recognition. She looks wildly from one face to the other, and, smiling, vacantly says:

"Lee, oh, yes, Lee! I will wait, dear, I am waiting."

"Amy, don't you know me, dear, I am Jack!" and he bends and kisses her fondly. Amy only answers:

"Lee, oh, yes, I am waiting, dear," and then she wearily turns her head away and her eyes close, while May buries her face in Jack's breast, and he, holding her closely with one arm, presses his hand to his head, and says in a voice filled with agony:

Oh God have mercy, little Amy—poor Amy," The nurse presses her head more closely to the window pane and tears come unbidden to her eyes. Amy weeps murmuring, "Lee, oh yes, dear, I will wait for you."

In a few weeks Amy is able to go down stairs, and the nurse is persuaded to stay. She has grown very fond of Amy, and her heart aches for the young girl. Amy's delightful color has all left her, her eyes are large and vacant, she rarely smiles, excepting when she is preparing, or dressing for Lee. Every evening at eight she watches for him at the gate as long as the weather is fine, and as she goes out, apologizes by saying:

"I promised Lee to wait for him." Nurse Reid watches her closely, they humor her in everything. If the evening happens not to be fine, she sits at the window and watches, all through the winter evenings she sits there, never speaking, but holding her thin hands together, and twirls the small ring on her finger. The same every evening, and when May coaxes her to go to bed, by saying gently:

"To-morrow, dear, wait till to-morrow."

Amy eats as though from mere habit, she rarely speaks, and quite ignores little Jack, much to his surprise and disgust. For she used to dearly love him, and babe though he is, he notices the change, and often when looking at her, his lips will pout and a small sob shows his injured feelings.

(To be Continued.)

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"Matter," returned Brown; "why, the staircase is so crooked that I can't get my furniture upstairs, and there isn't a window in the parlor that you can look out of without using a step ladder.

"Well, what of that? Doesn't your house look well from the road?"

"It looks well enough; but, confound it! what does that amount to?"

"Everything, my dear sir; everything. I understand my business, I believe: I am an architect. If you wanted a house that was only comfortable and convenient, why on earth didn't you get a carpenter to draw the plans? Brown, I'm afraid you don't appreciate high art."

The Height of Magnanimity.

Little Bertie was one day very, very naughty and her mamma had been compelled to correct her severely.

After posting for a quarter of an hour, in a corner, she heaved a deep sigh and said:

"You may come and kiss me, darling mamma; I forgive you."

Just the Thing.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to eight hundred different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he has his hair cut.

Some Other Cat.

A naturalist has satisfied himself beyond a doubt that the average cat travels a distance of eight miles every night. Then it must be some other cat that sits in the back yard several hours every night, loudly complaining of the high taxes or something.

Didn't Expect Any One.

"Bridget, did you hear the door bell?"

"Yes mum!"

"Then why don't you go to the door?"

"Shure, mum, I don't be expectin' onybody to call on me. It must be somebody to see yer-self."

Utterly Unsympathetic.

Tramp—Can't you help me to get a night's lodging, sir? I haven't seen a bed for three nights.

Wiggins—The deuce! If you can afford a spree of that length you're better fixed than I am.

More Truth than Poetry.

Found in a physician's album:

"A pistol sometimes misses fire, but a thorough draught never fails to bring down its victim."

Prevailing Color in Hair.

To be in the fashion this season one must have chestnut hair. Flaxen tresses a la Marguerite and coiffures of gold-bronze hue have had their day, and the fashionable world has now reverted to the chestnut curls which invariably distinguish the heroines in romantic novels. At the recent Court ball, in London, the circumstance that everybody's hair was of the fashionable tinge was generally remarked upon. The resources of science nowadays are marvelous.

Pointers.

We respect our rich uncles for their great will power.

How to get even with some men—Pay them what you owe them.

It is the boarding house keeper who is always grubbing for a living.

The Kansas Mayoress is certainly looked upon as a city office-her.

The barbed wire fence is the greatest drawback on a farm nowadays.

A Cincinnati tailor has failed. He lost money speculating in wheat selvidges in Chicago.

Some are apt to suffer in this life, but do not growl; in the next you might have to sulphur a good deal more.

X advertised to exchange a shot gun for a trombone. If he resides in our neighborhood, we would beg him to keep the shot gun and blow in that.

Tramp (to boss of trench diggers)—Can't you give a feller a job? Boss—I could, but I haven't got any tools for you to work with. Tramp—Oh, I don't want any tools.

He Ought to be Trusted.

There are different kinds of pluck. They don't always inspire the same respect and confidence. A man in Arizona sent up to a firm in San Francisco for some goods. They were to be furnished on credit, and he gave references in town. The firm called upon the reference.

"Do you know this man in Arizona?"

"Know him? Certainly; know him well."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He's a splendid fellow; a good fellow."

"He's in business there, isn't he?"

"Why, yes. He's an enterprising chap; got lots of push and pluck."

"He's written to us."

"What does he want?"

"Credit."

"That's all right."

"Well, we'd like to know what kind of a man he is.

"What kind of a man he is? Grit! That's what he is. He's the kind of a man who'd put up $1,000 on a pair of deuces and never wink."

"Thank you."

He Didn't Confess.

He was in a doze in a doorway on Toronto street when an officer came along and routed him out and ordered him to move on.

"I wasn't asleep," protested the man.

"Well, you have no business lying around in a public highway."

"I was just pondering in my mind whether I should confess and give myself up or still continue to bear the burden."

"You go on!"

"Don't you want me to confess?"

"No, sir!"

"Don't want the credit of arresting old Bender, eh?"

"No, sir!"

"Perfectly willing that I should continue to escape justice, are you?"

"I am. Now, move on!"

"Oh, I'll move, of course I will! Yes, I'll move right on and go hence, and let the golden opportunity which comes to a policeman once in a life time will go with me. Good-bye, old chappie, and when regrets and repentance come don't blame me. Remember, that I gave you a pointer."

One Pound Louder.

Store Clerk—A hammock. Miss? Certainly. Here is one warranted to sustain a weight of two hundred and ninety pounds.

Young lady (solus)—Two ninety—let me see. John weighs 158 and I weigh 125—five and four's nine with nothing to carry; two and six is eight with nothing to carry; one and one is two; total 289. (To the clerk.) Well, that's mighty near, but I guess it will do.

The radiancy of hope sometimes shines through the tear of anxiety.—*Rosa Bonheur.*

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.
95 and 97 Yonge St.

The Leading House for Fine Furniture
THE
LATEST DESIGNS
IN BEST WORKMANSHIP.
LOWEST PRICES

Comparison Solicited---No Trouble to Show Goods.

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Manufacturers and Importers of
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Baskets, Dressing Cases,
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105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

TORONTO
Steam Laundry
106 YORK STREET
LATE
54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.
G. P. SHARPE.

A Mother's Love.

It was a dreary afternoon. A raw, cheerless fog hung over the metropolis, and no quarter seemed more wretched than did a little side street between Clerkenwell road and Hatton garden. In a poorly-furnished, gloomy back room there, where the handful of cinders in the grate had burnt down to a gray ash, sat a widow, with her hands clasped in an agony of grief. On her lap lay an open letter, which ran as follow:

"BLANK STREET, BRIGHTON, Jan. 16, 188—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER—You will be sorry to hear that I have got into a beastly row here. I knocked a cad down, and am likely to be fined a 'fiver,' or sent to prison for a month. Now I have not got a penny to call my own, but the disgrace of going to prison I cannot face. So sure as my name is what it is, I will blow my brains out with father's old revolver in his dressing-case, rather than suffer that shame. Can you send me on five pounds by return? I would like more if you could spare it, but I don't suppose that funds are very flourishing with you.

"I got one pretty sketch of sunset effect from my windows, but was obliged to make my old dragon of a landlady take it for rent. It is too cold to go out sketching here.

"If the money doesn't arrive by the first post, early, mother, you must be prepared to see in the evening papers, 'Shocking suicide of a young artist at Brighton!'

"I hope you are well, and with my best love,

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"WALTER LEWIS."

Presently the poor mother rose, and with a bitter sob drew from her pocket an old purse, in which was a five-pound note, about eight shillings in silver, and a stamp! It was not the first time that her boy had come to her for money, and she knew him well enough to know that however wild a threat he made, he carried it out.

"Oh, Walter, Walter," she cried. "I can do no more for you!" But the vision of a fair-haired, handsome lad, with a ghastly wound through his head, came before her, and hastily she sat down again, saying, "Better he has it than I. What matter if I die? Even he would not miss me, and I cannot help him."

She wrote a loving letter, that would have melted a heart of stone. Then enclosing the five-pound note, she took it to the post herself, and came back to try to drink a cup of cold weak tea, and eat a slice of dry bread.

Perhaps she sat over this wretched meal for a quarter of an hour, thinking over the past. She recalled herself the pretty bride of the young officer in a line regiment; she saw Walter as a baby again; and then she remembered how her husband had been killed in a railway accident, leaving her with the baby boy and eight hundred pounds. With that she had tried to do so much! But it had soon melted into five hundred, and then she had purchased a slender annuity. How hard she had worked at her needle and with her brush—for she had some artistic ability—none but herself knew. She had given Walter the best education in her power, and he had developed real talent for art. If he had only applied himself with any strength of purpose, he could undoubtedly have conquered a position and competency in life. But, as his letter showed, he was fearfully selfish and fatally idle. He had drifted into a set more highly endowed with money than himself, and idle also, to say nothing of other bad examples they set him. His head was filled with notions of only working at such rare intervals as he felt "inspired." The vivid *impressionist* sketches that he produced lacked finish, and the very facility with which, after a few hours' work, he could turn out really original studies and pictures, was a snare to him. He had quite abandoned his mother, save to beg from her, and he had not seen her for several months before he sent her the appeal that distressed her so much.

A step in the passage caused Mrs. Lewis to start, and she wearily answered, "Come in," to a knock at the door. It turned out to be Mr. Brown, the landlord.

After a formal "Good evening" on both sides, Mr. Brown said:

"I am sorry to have to remind you, Mrs. Lewis, but you know your rent is considerably overdue. With what was owing before, it was four pounds, eighteen shillings up to last quarter day."

Mrs. Lewis tried to answer calmly, but her voice was choked by sobs, as she said:

"I had the money by last night, Mr. Brown; I had painted some menu cards, and had been liberally paid for them, and I intended to have brought it to you this morning. But what was I to do? See how my darling boy wrote to me! I could not bear the thought of his going to prison; and if he threatens to do a thing he always does it."

Mr. Brown read the letter; and, ordinary, almost coarse, man as he was, its heartless, patent selfishness disgusted him. He said, as he laid it down:

"Well, ma'am, a young cub who could write such words as those wouldn't be much loss to anyone. I should think. Still, s'pose his mother has different feelings to any other. But I really want my rent. I don't want to be hard with you, Mrs. Lewis; you've been a careful, quiet tenant, I know. You see, I'm not a rich man. I'll give you one more week, but I must indeed be paid then. Good-night."

He gave one glance round the room as he left. The scanty furniture it contained would scarcely have recouped him if he had distrained on it.

She said, "I will do what I can for you, Mr. Brown. No one can be more truly grieved than I am to be so long in your debt."

She sat up till twelve, and did needlework by the light of a tiny candle.

Walter got out of his "row" through a technical error in the summons, and in anticipation of the money that he felt sure was coming, treated some of his companions to a sumptuous supper. Hard as Mrs. Lewis worked during that week, she had only a trifle more than a sovereign for her landlord. She had written begging Walter to send her even a couple of his clever sketches to help her; but the miserable, lazy fellow wrote back that he had nothing by him of the least good.

There was no help for it! Mr. Brown must have his money. He must take the scanty furniture, and she—well, she must do what she could. There was the workhouse, after all, but she was a lady, and anything seemed better than that. She had no friend to turn to in the world. When Mr. Brown came that afternoon, she told him that she must leave, and that she hoped the few bits of furniture would pay his rent. If she could have foreseen any prospect of paying him off, she might have asked him for an extension of time, but it might be weeks before she could get even another sovereign. He was sorry for her, but he had no idea of her utter destitution.

So she took away in a very light bundle her few clothes, one or two little memorials of her husband, and his and Walter's photographs; and on a chill, drizzling afternoon, she passed out homeless into the street, with a shilling and some coppers in her pocket, and a heart of lead in her breast.

Fourpence of her slender fund she spent in a bed at a common lodging-house. The next morning she awoke with cold in every limb, her body aching, and her throat sore. She rose, and painfully dragged herself to a dispensary near, where she spent some of the pence in a futile effort to obtain some relief for her cough. Another scanty meal, and all that was left was just the fourpence that would give her the night's shelter, and then there was nothing more but death. Oh! how sad it seemed to die alone, hungry, and forgotten, in a house full of strangers.

The following day found her still worse, and the landlady advised her to go to the parish infirmary, and then, if she became better, to apply for out-door relief. Thither she went, but instead of mending, she grew worse and worse. The cold and exposure of those two blank hopeless days following upon the insufficient food and privation of many weeks, had brought on congestion of the lungs, and it soon became evident that she could not recover. They broke the news to her, and asked if she had any relations whom she would like to see. She longed of course, to see Walter, but for some time she hesitated to send for him, feeling with the utmost refinement of affection that it would be painful to him to see her in the wards of a workhouse; but finally she gave his address, and besought him to come and bid her adieu in this world.

When the earnestly-worded summons came to him, he could scarcely realize what it really meant. His mother dying! In a pauper's bed! But with an agony of reproach he remembered her piteous request for a picture, and how he might have given her every reasonable comfort for her old age if he would only have exerted himself. He had idled away splendid opportunities, and when one little picture—a few hours' work on his part—could have kept the roof over her head, he felt how utterly heartless and brutal he had been. As it happened, he had made several sketches a day or so before, and these he hastily parted with, so that he might have two or three pounds in his pocket to do what he could for her, although it was now too late.

He took the next train to London, and was soon standing outside the gloomy walls of an East Central London parish hospital. With a shudder of shame he passed in, and was led to his mother's bedside. Texts on the walls, and flowers did a little towards relieving the painful aspect of the long row of beds, but Walter's remorse that his mother, through him, was in such a place, is not to be described.

The end was very near. When he approached her, she extended a thin hand, and said, "My darling boy. God has heard my earnest prayer to let me see you before I die. Oh! Walter, do try and work for yourself more—you might do so much if you would try."

Walter sat on the edge of the bed, and passed his arm round his mother's slight, wasted figure, and his tears came very fast as he answered, "Yes, mother, I will. I have thrown away time and money in all conscience, but the worst part is that I have brought you to this. Mother, can you forgive me for the brutal selfishness I have shown you?"

"Yes, darling; may God do so as I do. I am going to join your dear father in a little while now, and then life's troubles will all be over. If I can die, feeling that you will do your best, and sever yourself from your lazy companions, I shall be happy at last."

As he bent his head and kissed her, he whispered the promise. He sat beside her, hearing the sweet words of love that only a mother can say, till a change came over her, and as she breathed a prayer for him, her soul passed to "where beyond those voices there is peace."

Walter kept his word bravely. He is now working hard at his profession, and exhibits in some of the lesser galleries, hoping in time, with best exertions, to win one of the coveted places "on the line" at Burlington House.

Bad for Walton.

Edith—Going to marry Link Walton? Why, I thought you hated him!

Maude—So I do; and that's why I want to claim family privileges.

A Personal Guarantee.

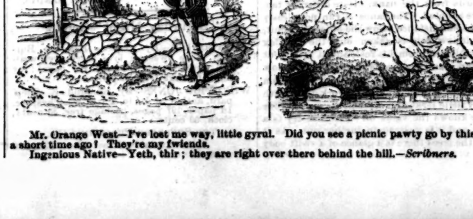
Wash. Nicoll (the celebrated counterfeiter, absent-mindedly)—Why are you examining that bill so closely? I know it's good. I made it myself.

A Model Patient.

(Scene: The public promenade). A.—See, there goes Anton Bollentopp; how very ill he looks! B.—Nothing of the kind; he is engaged by the establishment as a model patient.

A Troubled Existence.

Woman (to tramp)—I suppose your life is one wholly free from care?
Tramp—Ah, no, dear madam; rarely do I lay myself to rest at night that I do not worry about breakfast in the morning.—*Texas Siftings.*



Mr. Orange West—I've lost me way, little gyrul. Did you see a picnic pawty go by this way a short time ago? They're my fwiends.
Ingenious Native—Yeth, thir; they are right over there behind the hill.—*Scribner.*

THIS WEEK CONTINUES OUR

CLEARING SUMMER SALE

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Carpets, Millinery, Mantles, Silks & Dry Goods

AMOUNTING TO OVER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

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Every Article in the Store is Reduced in Price, and a Special Stock of CLOTHING and DRY GOODS amounting to FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS is now being offered at FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

It is not our intention to advertise this sale, as is sometimes done, at a cost of THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, by houses whose only virtue is their loud-mouthed blowing in the papers, proposing to give the cost of advertising to the CUSTOMERS who buy the goods. This is why we can offer the above $50,000 Stock at Half Price instead of only taking 25 per cent. off, as is usual in BANKRUPT STOCK SALES. To enumerate the many kinds of goods we have for sale and are offering at these reductions would take half a page of this paper, and so we refrain, as everybody knows THE GOLDEN LION and our style of business and the stock we carry—that it is the largest of any house in the Dominion and bought under the most FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES for cash, so that no house can offer greater inducements than we can and do. ORDINARILY, and then consider the above reduction and you get some faint idea of the GRANDEUR OF THIS OPPORTUNITY NOW OFFERED YOU.

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Every fortnight, under a new name, he recovers from an incurable disease; that encourages the real patients, and increases the reputation of the place.

Rank Versus Wealth.

Millionaire—Well, my dear Baron, you seem to have an important communication to make. Baron—Councillor F——, I am happy to tell you the glad news that it is my intention to appoint you—my father-in-law.

Why Baby Kicked.

"Oh, I had such a lovely dream," said Mamie to her little brother Bobby yesterday morning as they were going down stairs to breakfast.

"Did you? What did you dream about?" asked Bob, stopping on the landing and eyeing his sister suspiciously. He was an only son among five daughters and never had dreams.

"Well, I dreamed that I was in a candy store and that I was eating caramels and taffy."

"And I—what was I eating?" cried Bob, getting red in the face at the thought of it.

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"Why, you weren't there at all."

"I wasn't there at all, and you went and dreamed that you were there doing that without me," and he burst into tears and went down yelling to his father.

The Course of True Love.

His bosom heaving with tender longings, he sat by her side at the open casement. He looked down into the crystal depths of her blue eyes, while she silently and lovingly gazed upwards at the fact of the youth whose future lay bright before him. The door was gently opened, the youngest little sister stepped in and exclaimed in her clear bell-like voice: "Marion dear, you have taken Adelina's set of teeth by mistake. She is going out now and wants you to send her them at once."

She Corrected the Error.

"Americans, I presume?" said the London hotel proprietor, as the party engaged rooms.

"Bostonians," corrected Mrs. Charles Rivers Massey.

A misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but by the temper of the sufferer.—*Addison.*

Grand Moving Sale

STRATHERN

is moving to his new store, 203 Yonge Street, and for the next few days will have a grand clearing sale of

Stoves, Baby Carriages and Housefurnishing Goods

Come early and secure some of the great bargai .

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GENTLEMEN,—As a practical machinist I have much pleasure in recommending the "Empress" Sewing Machine. It is built on approved principles that are a guarantee of durability and accuracy and the arrangement of its parts make it the lightest running lock-stitch sewing machine I have seen. The machine I bought from you a year ago is giving the best of satisfaction. Yours truly,

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Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

Didn't Want to Lose Her Total Depravity.

A story is told of an excellent old lady who lived in Concord, Mass., at the time of the great prevalance of transcendentalism, and who was very much bewildered by the freedom and audacity with which many of her articles of faith were treated. But she finally came to this conclusion: "I don't care so much about predestination and free will and all those sort of things, but if they take away my total depravity I shall feel as though I hadn't any religion at all."

A Considerate Lodger.

Student—I like the rooms very much, only they are not quite high enough; I want to get lodgings on the fourth floor, if possible! Landlady—Indeed! May I ask why? Student—I have a lame tailor.

Ah, these Husbands!

He—Good-bye, my love; I am really prevented from coming home to dinner, I will send you a telegram. She—You need not trouble to send it; I have already taken it out of your jacket pocket.

The Illusion Dispelled.

"Here, head waiter, I want you to give me another room. My next neighbor snores so dreadfully as to shake the pictures on the walls. Could you not find me quarters somewhere near that charming fair lady I met at the *table d' hote* to-day?" "Why, she's the very person—her room is next to yours!"

Compliments of the Honeymoon.

Bride—Henry, do you know that you snore? Bridegroom—No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it.

Bride (dryly)—So am I.

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$3.50 PANTS

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, AUG. 11, 1888. [No. 37

The Family Herald Stories.

During the recent visit to England of the editor of SATURDAY NIGHT efforts were made to obtain serial stories for this paper which would not only be good, but such as were *known* to be good. Negotiations opened then were concluded last Monday by the receipt of a contract from Messrs. Stevens & Son, publishers of the *Family Herald*, making it possible for us to announce that hereafter the high-class and most interesting stories which have made the *Family Herald* famous wherever the English language is spoken will now appear in SATURDAY NIGHT simultaneously with their original publication in London, Eng.

No more need be said, for every reader of English fiction is thoroughly conversant with the supreme merit of the *Family Herald* stories. There are, no doubt, greater novelists than those employed by the *Family Herald*, but one thing is certain, that no one is believed to be equal to the contributors of that journal for light, and yet pure and high-class fiction. So great is the reputation of this journal, that to be known as a contributor to it, is to quadruple the price of the product of the author's pen. This being the case, the *Family Herald* refuses to publish the name of any writer. Miss Braddon, and a score of others, made their reputation when this rule was not in force in the *Herald* office.

That a Canadian journal has been able to acquire the right of simultaneous publication of these stories is more enterprising than the ordinary reader may imagine. The cost is very great, but the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT rely on the appreciation of those who know the merit of what will be provided, to give the venture the success it deserves.

The expense would not have been undertaken but for the fact that fiction is distrusted—and properly so—by the heads of families, until they know that it is above reproach. To the well-established reputation of SATURDAY NIGHT, for publishing nothing unworthy of admission to the family circle, we have now added the reputation acquired by the *Family Herald*, which is one of the oldest, and without doubt the most trusted, of the English family magazines. Not even *Blackwood's* fiction ranks higher than that of the *Herald*.

We take this opportunity also of warning Canadian publishers against the continual piracy which has been made on the *Family Herald* stories. It is a matter of so much cost to us that hereafter we will take every measure to protect ourselves in this direction.

We quote from Messrs. Stevens letter of July 25: "We have decided to accept your offer and shall forward early sheets of No. 2,367 containing the opening of a new novel entitled Missing on Monday next."

This will enable us to produce the first chapter of "Missing" next week. Shortly afterwards other features which were arranged for in the Old Country will be added to the excellencies of which SATURDAY NIGHT can already boast. You will be doing us a favor by recommending your friends to purchase next week's SATURDAY NIGHT of their newsdealer in order to get the first chapters of the story. Without the assistance of those who desire a high-class journal in Canada, the difficulties of its publishers would be very much increased. SATURDAY NIGHT has every reason to thank its readers for their kindness, and without desiring to trespass upon their indulgence, would suggest that now is a good time to put in a word for their favorite paper.

Where Happiness Lies.

Many people have a hazy, indefinite idea that real happiness is an ecstacy of feeling, than which there is nothing more misleading, for such extremes of pleasure are always re-actionary, and leave behind a train of corresponding depression.

The human heart is capable of the emotion of enjoyment from mere receptivity, we admit, but, on the other hand, mere receptivity has but an ephemeral value when unsupported by work or a settled purpose. The true philosophy of human happiness is in the cultivation of the simpler pleasures of life, and the pathway of such pleasures lies through the gateway of effort. The simplest joys are the most lasting, for the feverish excitement of grosser pleasures rapidly pall on the appetite of true enjoyment, just as cream, which has a richer and more agreeable flavor than milk, is by reason of its very richness sooner rejected by the sated palate.

Leisured ease excites the envy of most, and the spectacle of a care-burdened man of business briskly walking with a settled purpose before him, does not commend itself in favorable contrast to the languid attitude of the lazy lounger. But could the true inwardness of these two lives be arrived at, the chances are that the former is really the happier man of the twain. Depend upon it there is no work so hard and unsatisfactory as doing nothing.

True is it that the tendency towards laziness is almost part and parcel of our poor human nature, but this fact does not injuriously affect our argument. On the contrary, it materially strengthens it, for all men are also more or less afflicted with melancholia, and the antidote to these two diseases of humanity is—work.

We envy the inhabitants of sunnier climes, where the extraordinary fecundity of the soil imposes but little or no labor on the inhabitants, and yet it is a fact that where labor is honored at a respectful distance, melancholia and suicide obtain to a larger degree than in the seemingly less favored countries of the North.

The merchant, immersed in the cares and worries of his early struggles, is buoyed up by the vision of a suburban residence when he shall have retired from business. Yet, when success has rewarded his efforts, when his signature is honored in the moneyed institutions of the land, his business disposed of to advantage, and the pictured purchase of the suburban residence has been consummated—how often do we find that happiness is further from him than ever. The deadly dulness of his new surroundings is well-nigh insupportable. The lowing of kine and the bleat of the lambs on the upland meadows have no charms for him. The machinery of his life is only running quarter time, hardly that, and rust and decay are setting in. Better to wear out than to vegetate.

Were William Ewart Gladstone, or the Premier of this Dominion, taken from public work and consigned to retired ease, it is doubtful if either would survive the change for any lengthened period. With such, as with most men, work is happiness, and contemptible indeed is the career of him who, with the ability to labor successfully in the vineyard, selfishly elects to live a life of sloth and leisured ease.

Mismoners.

Much has been written and said touching the weakness of newly acquired wealth for dubbing its dwelling place with a high sounding name. But there is this to be said on behalf of such. The possession of wealth commands the element of harmony in such surroundings, and thereby removes the feature of ridicule from the situation. Offenders, however, of another type have appeared among us, and of late years an inconceivable mania has seized upon those who have the naming of our streets. Nowadays nine out of every ten streets which are built are graced (!) with the title of "avenue." Why this is so, we know not. There was a time, some years ago, when the word "avenue" was considered as slightly aristocratic. To-day it is consigned to the shades of depreciated words. In days gone by it was possible to give a very shrewd guess as to a man's social position simply by knowing the place of his residence. Nowadays good, bad and indifferent houses being so woefully jumbled, the name of a street is no criterion as to the class of its inhabitants.

To the minds of most people the word avenue implies a vision of trees on either side, but we are not sailing wide of the mark when we aver that 75 per cent. of our so-called "avenues" are perfectly innocent of any kind of timber. Standing on the pavement of Fifth avenue, and viewing its magnificent buildings we feel that the word avenue is respectable, but when, alas! we reach Toronto again and view the dreary outlook of that back street to a back street, Darling avenue, our spirit faints within us and life seems hardly worth the living. The man who christened "Darling avenue" was undoubtedly a humorist, a grim one, certainly—but still a humorist. Darling's Desert, Darling's Woe, or Somebody's Darling, might have seemed more appropriate, but the element of humor would have been lacking, hence we have that misnomer—Darling avenue.

Another variety is the christian name misnomer. Fond parents about to christen the last pledge of marital affection very rarely take into consideration the propriety of taking into account the fitness of things. We do not care to lay down the invidious law that people of lowly condition should be barred out from the use of pretty or high-sounding names, yet, on the other hand, these would do well to reflect that Pierce Hope Johnsing is somewhat a misnomer for the flat-nosed, dirty child which will, in all human probability, prefer the gutter to cleaner surroundings. We have all seen that short, dark-haired lass the picture of health, who bears the name of Lily, and whose shoulders seem infinitely more fitted to carry the honest, old-fashioned name of Sally. We know a youngster with laughing blue eyes and sunny hair, who fights the battle of life as Norman St. John. The patrician sounding Reginald and a snub nose are hardly compatible, and a freckled, flea-bitten looking Edna Eunice is indeed difficult of digestion.

Now these latter oddities might easily have been avoided. At the period of christening the child has physically developed to that stage when a very shrewd guess may be made as to the probable personal appearance in after years.

But the average fond mother is of a sentimental turn, and will have nought of reason in this connection. A pretty sounding name is not a bit too good for her ugly duckling, and the latter has to face the great, wide, breezy world in after years with Horatio Plantagenet on his visiting cards.

To the St. Lawrence.

For Saturday Night.

Roll on, majestic river—roll
Your blue wave to the sea,
Unmarr'd you sweep your waters on—
An emblem of the free!
Two goodly nations line your banks,
Each claims alike your peace—
Roll on! Roll on! O beauteous stream,
Discourse the self-same strain!

Roll on, majestic river—roll
Your blue wave to the sea,
And may the lands your banks accoost
Be ever pure as thee,
And with the same bright steady course
Advance true liberty;
Roll on, majestic river—roll!
Fair emblem of the free!

Roll on, majestic river—roll
Your mighty tide along,
And chant but one orison
And one patriotic song;
For, though your bosom swells at times,
You bathe alike each shore;
Swing on! Sweep on! O beauteous stream,
There's music in thy roar!

Roll on, majestic river—roll!
May naught thy course confine
Save smiling farms, Canadian homes
And fair Columbia's pine.
And may our sturdy sons and sires
Be ever free as thee.
Roll on! Roll on! Cease not to chant
Thy varied minstrelsy.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A.

TORONTO, Aug. 1.

Random Casts.

FISHING IN THE THAMES.

For Saturday Night.

That quiet little stream which meanders from somewhere above London, Ont., in its uneventful course to Lake St. Clair, is one of those out-of-the-way waters unknown to fame, where my line has been wet times without number, and with good result. It is a very mangy looking stream at best, but still parts of it are pretty—some downright beautiful—and though the average angler guesses it not, it is quite possible to take some grand fish from its uninviting depths. The G. T. R. guide says that "pike, bass, catfish, etc., make up the list of available fish," and that's all the information it offers on the subject. Not very tempting to the angler looking for sport, and maybe 'tis just as well, for unless a man knew the peculiarities of the stream, he might not take a good fish in a week.

It is not my purpose to enlarge upon the merits of the Thames as a good fishing water; nor do I want anybody to try it, for if they did so, verily the chances are that their disappointment would be only exceeded by their desire to kill the writer, after they had tested the water. My sole object in referring to the stream at all, is merely, if possible, to scribble something to a nuse the reader of the angling column of this paper, and if successful in that, my object will be attained. Look you, reader, I may have something further to say about fishing in Ontario, about the better known waters, and so on, but like the man climbing the ladder, I begin at the bottom—hence the selection of this water as a starting point. Now for the fishing. Having fished the Thames hundreds of days with varying success, one good day will suffice, and here's at you. Imagine a faultless morning in June, 188—, time five o'clock, locality a certain farm one half mile above the town of Chatham. The river at this point sleeps, for there's no perceptible current, between banks heavily clothed with dwarf willows. A shapely Peterboro canoe rests on the waveless water and presently a dappled pointer dog comes scuttling down the banks, trots to the canoe, and curls himself up in the stern with his wise old head resting on the wale; he's the advance guard and knows all about it. So to speak, he's been there before, and is perfectly aware that there is no work for him to-day. The dearly loved gun is not going and he's in for a regular loaf. Don is a dog of many parts, and though infinitely preferring a hunt, yet he is a keen fisherman and is quite *au fait* in the matter of playing a bass. A few moments later the angler follows him. A very ordinary youth indeed, but though the rod is a cheap affair, and the creel conspicuous by its absence, the general get-up looks as though it had seen service and is workmanlike in its simplicity. He carries rod, paddle, a can of worms, and another empty can, and one pocket of the old shooting-coat bulges as though a light lunch might account for its prominence. Depositing the stowaways in the canoe, he presently unearths a little minnow tackle from a hiding-place in the willows, and baiting up, proceeds to catch a few minnows. The empty can is filled with water, and in half an hour contains more than a dozen minnows, a dock leaf is placed over the mouth of the can and the preliminaries are over. He fills up his pipe, gets it nicely going, pushes off the graceful craft and speeds away silently up river, the swift canoe skirting along as though she knew if they were late, and felt the need of making time. Bend after bend of the winding stream is rounded, until close in shore the ragged end of the broken branch of a submerged tree catches his eye, and the canoe pauses in its onward flight. The little rod is quietly put together, the hook baited with a generous supply of worms, and dropped into the shadowy depths. It's an unlikely looking spot but the fisherman knows that there is good twenty feet of water beneath him, and that deep down in the black depths below a huge walnut tree is buried. The line is hardly straight before a sharp double tug tells that the quarry are on the feed, and the next instant a brief skir-r-r of the reel says that something has found the steel. A short, sharp fight, and a square-built rock bass comes zig-zagging to the surface and is promptly secured. The absence of a creel is now accounted for. The angler dives into one of the many pockets of the shooting coat and produces a bit of steel cord some six feet long and speedily strings his captive, which is then replaced in the water, the other end of the cord being secured to a cleat in the canoe. Other rock bass of fair size are rapidly added to the string, and then he changes bait and rigs a live minnow. The little shiner is cast tenderly here and there until on a sudden the line drags hard and the rod arches over something of heavier weight. In response to a sharp twist there is a great commotion in the water and the line darts to and fro in mad haste while the reel sings right merrily. The struggle is short, sharp and decisive. Slowly the battling fish comes to the surface, then there is a light splash, the rod straightens with a snap, the hook comes back bare of minnow and all and a ghostly shape glances back to the darkness below. But in that brief second the angler has recognized the enemy of minnow bait, the gar-pike or bull-fish. "Confound you!" is the only comment, for it is well-nigh impossible to implant a hook in those long-billed, hard-mouthed gentry, and minnows are too valuable to be wasted in the experiment. The old dog who had roused himself to the ready when the reel sang, sinks down again with an air of disgust; no sport when the gar-pike are around, so the rod is laid down and the canoe glides on.

The next spot is a mile further up, where a clump of dead trees stand in the water, a few yards from the bank. Here different tactics are adopted. The canoe is run noiselessly ashore some distance below the objective point, the minnow can is taken out, the old dog rouses himself from his rest, and it is evident that important business is on hand. A minnow is carefully adjusted and cast well up stream near the trees, and suffered to work down with sundry little jerks and movements such as your angler knows the value of. The first try is a blank, and it is cast again further out. As it nears the trees there is a glance of a swift body in the water, and the angler's pulse leaps as he gives the rod that sudden twist to plant the hook. A miss, by the shade of ancient Ike! Once again the now defunct minnow is sent on its errand, and as it nears the old spot there is another savage dart. This time the strike is better judged and a sudden fierce resistance proves that the game has begun. No mistake about it now, naught but a black bass and a good 'un at that, could fight like the royal captive. The rod arches like the back of an angry cat and the reel screams like that quadruped in a mad tantrum, and the line fairly hisses through the water as inch by inch the captive fights for more tether. For three minutes it is a breathless struggle; the old dog is wide awake now and watches every move of the line with blazing eyes for he knows right well that it is a royal captive. Presently the line slackens, there is a trickle of falling drops and a dark body flashes into view, leaps two feet in air, shakes the tackle savagely to rid its lf of the burning torture in its mouth, then sinks with a splash into its native element. The old trick of the bass, useless this time, and the battle is half over. A few moments of erratic tugging and then slowly and sadly a great fish comes to the surface, and turns weakly on its side, its green length flashes like polished bronze as the sun strikes full on the polished armor. A glance shows that it is fatally hooked, for, a true bass, he has swallowed minnow, hook, and half the foot of gimp. The angler looks at it, voices a soft "Ha-ha!" and then, holding the rod in his right hand, stoops and picks up a little clod and throws it at his victim. A sudden plunge and a failing tug answer this insult and then the great fish comes wavering up again, this time to stay, and is drawn close to the shore. Now comes the old dog's special treat. He has been sitting on his haunches with cocked ears and starting eyes, quivering in every nerve with wild anticipation of the finale in which he is wont to shine. "Go for him, Don," and he marches sedately down the slope, into the water up to his belly, grasps the half lifeless fish securely by the middle in his strong jaws, and clambers up the bank with his prey, the happiest dog in all Christendom. Don't smile, angler, it is a fact, and I know a setter that invariably did the same, and the pair of 'em had landed dozens of fish without ever making a mistake. That bass weighed well over the three pounds and five of his fellows followed him upon the string before that point was left, and the five would have scaled a good thirteen pounds. The next stopping place is reached after a mile of fast paddling, and here a lot of broken brick in and out of the water marks the site of an old deserted brick yard. A fringe of big trees throw a welcome shade half across the stream, and the bank of the water hints that good sport will follow. The minnows are getting low, but strange to say the few that are left take nothing. Worms are tried again, but only a couple of small rock-bass and a few sun-fish are tempted. Then the value of experience on this water is shown. The angler lays aside his tackle, and rolling his sleeves proceeds to cautiously turn over pieces of submerged brick, making sundry rapid grabs in the water meanwhile. The result of this mysterious performance is that he presently has a score of sharp-nipping, vindictive crayfish. With these the fun is fast and furious, for there is no surer bait for bass than they, and few other fish touch them; so, when a bite is obtained, it is nearly certain to be a game fish. Time speeds on, the captures being too much alike for separate description; the playing is much the same, varied by an occasional loss of what of course was a big fellow. The old dog lands quite a number and in his quiet way is happy—the angler is ditto. Many pipes and the lunch are negotiated, the faithful henchman getting full share of the latter; finally the shades of evening softly falling hint that it is time to cry hold, enough. Five miles, by water, from the town the canoe is drawn up on the bank, and master and dog seek the hospitable farm house, where they both know by experience a hearty supper and unlimited fresh milk are theirs by right of standing invitation. Time absolutely speeds at that jolly farm house until the moon is high overhead, and it is time to take the back track if home is to be made by midnight.

Once more the staunch craft is launched, Don this time curls flat down in the boat, for he knows his day is done. The pipe of peace is lit, the paddle is grasped for a five-mile stretch, and the canoe, like the Arab, noiselessly steals away. The stream gleams like silver in the moonlight with never a ripple upon its sleeping heart; the tall trees stand silent and motionless on either bank, casting great black shadows across the watery way. Swift, ghostly and mysterious, the craft glides on like some creature of the night, bound on a fateful errand. Perhaps this is the best part of the trip when—

"The paddle-strokes are strong and fast,
And the waters divide at its speeding past,
Leaving a long and glistening wake,
Like the gleaming coils of some giant snake;
And faint music whispers the forest through
From the rippling bow of the old canoe."

Finally, the landing is gained, the canoe made fast; impediments gathered up; the string, now numbering twenty-seven bass—four of 'em over two pounds—the old dog rouses himself from dreams of quail and cock, and after a stretch and a roll, sedately marshals the way home, satisfied that he caught 'em. Not a bad day's fun! yet only a fair sample of many enjoyed on a practically unknown water. No stream of eager tourists have ever, or for that matter will ever, seek the quiet little river. Yet there are good fish in it fit for a master hand to play, though a crack rod will probably never bend over one of its game black beauties.

E. W. SANDYS.

"Saturday Night" Series.

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On Divers Strings.

Hat Worship.

For Saturday Night.

Softly peals the organ,
The church so cool and dim,
Is filled with joyful voices
Singing the opening hymn.
A sound of footsteps coming
Up the broad central aisle,
And the squire stops at the entrance
Of his pew and stands awhile,
With his hat in gravest action
Lifted to meet his face,
And his eyes closed so devoutly,
He stands there for a space.

Now when my congregation
Have gone, and I'm alone,
I stop the honest squire
And ask in anxious tone,
What meant that curious gesture,
That bowing to his hat.
The squire looks bewildered,
Then says "Why, that, sir—that
Is the way I say my prayers, sir,
When first I take my seat,"
And looked as if my question
Had been very indiscreet.

"What was your prayer this morning,
If you remember yet?"
"Well, really, that is hard to say
One's so apt to forget."
Then suddenly a flash of light
Brightened his fine old face,
"Yes, yes, I do remember,
By Jove, sir! 'twas my grace."

Ask of yourselves, oh, people,
When first you hurry in
And bow your heads, so hastily
Upon your prayer-book's rim,
Or hat, or pew—no matter what,
Does it mean that you pray,
Are your words truly earnest words,
Do you think of what you say?
Or do a thousand useless things,
Tr.fles as light as air,
Make but a wretched mockery
Of that attempt at prayer?

WOODSTOCK, 1888. FERAGRAM.

I Did Not Know.

For Saturday Night.

I did not know her then—
We met, 'twas in a crowd, and passing nigh
Full many a lovely maid of lineage high,
And lordly youth and haughty matron came
To watch the fortune of the tennis game,
With languid interest. Lonely I paced and slow—
I did not know.

I saw a head above the motley throng,
A golden head that paused, then passed along,
A carved patrician face as fair as day,
Blue eyes that looked me through, then turned away;
Eyes that had brought full many a man to woe—
And I— I did not know!

I stood as in a dream—
Something in that swift glance had thrilled me through,
And filled my being with a rapture new;
The poison sped, I stood, while all my frame
Shook with emotions that I dare not name,
Then turned I from the crowd, to stray apart
And soothe the fierce beating of my wounded heart,
Ye Gods! how fair she was, how swift the blow,
Oh! fate— I did not know!

I did not know it then—
But as I raised my hat from off my brow
To cool my temples, (Ah! I know it now),
Some brute with devilish art securely planned,
Had placed a card beneath my bright hat-band,
Which showed the sickening legend to the crowd,
And he who ran might read the thing out loud—
This awful token of a rival's sin,
"Rooms to Let—and Please Enquire Within!"
This 'twas that caught her eye and earned the glance
That reared my frail air-castle of romance,
Then, I knew not her, nor it, and you can bet
I do not know her yet!

—E. W. SANDYS (NOMAD).

Don't Shpoil Dot Leedle Fun.

Dis vorld vas full of pain und care,
As chy von see;
Ve find der droubles efrywhere
Yet makes much misery.
So vas some peoples sometimes try
To make a shoke or pun,
Vunst lat a leedle—vink your eye—
Don't shpoil dot leedle fun.

Von leedle humor now und den
(Dot vas a proverb old)
Vas relished by der best of men.
(Und can't peen bought mit gold).
Yah, more as dot, der greatest man
Vas ever fame hat won
Vas nefer happier as van
Dem had dein leedle fun.

I lats to see der children blay
Und make a racket, too;
A leedle romping in der day
Bring shleep der night all trough.
Und so, youst let dem make a noise,
Und shout und shump und run,
Der grow oop shplendid gids und boys—
Don't shpoil deir leedle fun.

Der days of darkness und of strife
Dem shure come soon enough;
Our vay down here ve find trough life
A rocky road und rough.
Den take all pleasures innocent,
Und vea your life vas done,
Youst lay you down und die content—
You had your leedle fun.

Here and There.

THE VETERAN'S TALE.

The cuirassiers of Milhaud, with their long and curveless swords,
Charged on our decimated square, while Monthrun's Polish hordes
Hovered in clouds upon our flanks throughout the livelong day,
Spearing the helpless wounded and the dying as they lay;
God save the King! likewise the Queen! that was a fight indeed,
But England's Trust was held by lads of English bulldog breed
From Lincoln and Northumbria, from Yorkshire's pleasant dales,
From southern downs, from Severn and the Marches of old Wales.
And in command was Picton, he, whose weakness for cold steel
Oft lent unto a Briton's gaze the flying Frenchman's heel.
Ours was the Fifth Division, sir, the "Fighting Fifth," whose fame
For trusting to the steel alone immortalized its name;
'Fore God, we were but mortal men, and the dappled chargers' foam,
Befacked us with their Gallic hate, when Milhaud charged us home
And broke our square, where Drouet's storm of leaden hail had borne
Its tale of woe to English hearts—mere lads, though battle-worn,
Yet closer round the colors we survivors grimly stood
To save them from the foeman's hand, or dye them with our blood;
But in our dire extremity good comrades' help was near,
From British arms fell sabre cuts, from British throats a cheer;
And when the day was won, at roll call, Picton twitted me,
"What! Sergeant! Frenchmen pierce the square, that such a thing should be."
Quoth I, saluting: "General, it's true they got in there,
But, thanks to British hearts and arms, they never *left* the square!"
—H K. COCKIN.

* * *

There are drawbacks to the happiness of every community and the special bar to unmitigated bliss in Findley, Ohio, is one which promises to be of more than passing interest to the burghers of yon western town whose present position is equal to that of one sitting near the ragged edge of Vesuvius on the eve of eruption.

* * *

If the surmises of the learned gentleman from Heidleburg are correct, the hasty and somewhat simultaneous departure of the town and its inhabitants for higher latitudes may be looked upon in the light of a coming event. The gentleman in question argues that deep below Findley subterranean bonfires are keeping up a perpetual Guy Fawkes day. Such fires have been known to rage in other localities and have failed to unduly exercise the minds of the inhabitants thereof, and the same would apply to Findley were it not for the disturbing fact that between the town and the subterranean fires are vast caves of natural gas. It only being a question of time as to when the fires will consume the intervening space which lies between them and these gas caves it will therefore be readily understood that the inhabitants of the little Ohio town profess but little interest in real estate transactions and are more than anxious regarding events in the near future.

* * *

Fortunately, to err is human, more especially so is this the case with learned professors who are more remarkable for their wonderful theories than from any practical results therefrom, and I fain would hope that this professor is no exception to the rule.

* * *

I was most pleased to see P. D. Ross and his partner come off in the double-scull race last week, if only that it lifts him out of the junior class. Mr. Ross was perfectly entitled to row in this class, yet the latter hardly offered sufficient glory for one of his experience and genuine rowing qualities. A man who is more than a match for seniors should eschew the juniors.

* * *

Of all the thousand and one publications which have appealed to the readers of the hearth and home there is none which has so long and so successfully held its own as that well-known weekly the *Family Herald*, which has during many decades maintained the foremost place as a high-class family paper. Each department is in competent hands and slipshod work is an unknown quantity in its editorial rooms. Dear to our hearts since the days of childhood are its well-known pages. Shirley Wynne, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Susanna J——, and a host of the foremost novelists of a byegone generation have contributed to its pages. Such is the reputation of this paper that no sooner is the writer of a story known to have had his or her work accepted by the publishers of the *Family Herald* than the doors of every publishing house in London are open to his wares. No paper of to-day has made the reputation of so many writers as this world-famed sheet. This very fact of itself has been the cause of no little annoyance to the publishers, as many, after securing their assistance in making a reputation and unable to resist the tempting offers made by rival publishers, have deserted the paper which was the means of bringing them to the front years ago. As a necessary consequence the dictum of the proprietors went forth that under no circumstances are the names of their story writers to be divulged to the public. The writer is permitted to sign himself as "the author of All in the Wild March Morning, etc., etc.," but more than this is amongst the unpermitted things.

* * *

The proprietors of SATURDAY NIGHT have with commendable enterprise bought the exclusive right of Canadian publication of the *Family Herald* stories and they will appear simultaneously in England and Canada. Missing, an enthralling story will start in both papers next week.

ST. GEORGE.

New Discoveries in the Heavens.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PLANET MARS.

Translated and in part adapted from the French for Saturday Night by J. Ross-Wetherman.

However great may be the interest that attaches to matters concerning the earth, it is not unpleasant to raise ourselves sometimes a little higher and to pass a few moments in contemplation of the immense perspectives of the infinite.

The starry sky surrounds us on all sides, astronomers watch it continually, and it is not a matter of rare occurrence that new discoveries advance us a step towards the solution of its mysteries. The childish idea that the planet on which we live is the only inhabited world among the millions of worlds that exist, have existed or will exist in the eternal immensities, is only held in our days by a few backward minds that deliberately close their eyes against the light of day.

Our little earth has not received any special privileges from nature, and every fresh search of the telescope shows us that the other planets are, like our own, the seats of a perpetual activity in which all the physical forces take part and give rise to varied results.

Look, for instance, at the world of Mars, that has just passed close to our observatories—at a distance of some twenty million leagues—and on which the attention of astronomers has been more particularly fixed on account of the extraordinary events in the departments of meteorology and climatology that we have noticed for some years as occurring upon its surface.

What we can see bears a resemblance to the earth, and yet we feel that it is another kind of country, that it has other elements, other forces, other inhabitants. Continents lighted brilliantly by the sun—by the same sun that gives life to us—and reflecting its light to us; seas appearing darker, that absorb the light and seem, seen from here, as gray patches more or less defined; snows that are heaped about the pole in winter and gradually thaw in spring and summer as the heat of the sun increases; fogs that stretch over the plains and mask them from our view, clouds that scud before the wind, sunny mornings, noonday splendors, and misty evenings steeped in the glory of the twilight; all these pictures that we can outline on Mars recall the earth and allow us to trace a relationship between that world and ours. But if we go further, the resemblance is soon changed and almost effaced by strange metamorphoses.

Our readers can judge for themselves: we place before them the new map of this planet, published in the "Revue Mensuelle of Popular Astronomy." This map drawn by Signor Schiaparelli, director of the Milan Observatory, is truly so remarkable that astronomers themselves did not accept it until later observations had confirmed the accuracy of the greater part of its configurations.

If we examine this planisphere, we notice that the seas show singular variations of color that may well correspond to differences of depth. The changes, more or less periodical, that take place in the brighter of these marine or lake districts, are a confirmation of this hypothesis.

But the most surprising thing in the map is certainly the system of rectilineal canals that are traced from sea to sea, like giant roads of water communication, and which often consist of two parallel lines.

This geographical arrangement is, undoubtedly, almost incomprehensible, and the more we examine it the more surprised we become.

The bright spots seem to be continents; everything goes to prove this, their appearance, their general freedom from change, and the white spots, like snow, that from time to time have been observed upon them; so astronomers agree to recognize these bright, yellowish districts (almost the color of ripe grain) as continents.

The gray, dusky, slightly green expanses appear to be water, seas, lakes, etc., varying in size and depth. It is certainly the evaporation of these waters that gives rise to the clouds and hazes so often observed in the atmosphere of the planet Mars, as well as to the precipitation of moisture of which the snow at the poles is a constant proof. But what appears extraordinary is the form of these seas, their difference in color and their variability, and above all the plan of these enigmatical canals that seem to throw a network across the planet, and to place in communication all these miniature Mediterranceans.

These markings, almost all rectilineal, to which we have given the name of canals (and the name is most suitable, provided it is understood not to pledge us to any decided opinion as to what they may actually be) are assuredly very surprising. Take any one of these lines; follow it in its length and various ramifications, and then endeavor to form an independent opinion on the subject, unbiassed by any preconception.

Signor Schiaparelli wrote in 1882: "There are on the planet Mars large dark lines traversing the continents, to which we give the name of canals, although we do not know what they are. Different astronomers have remarked some of them, notably in 1864. I have made a special study of them since 1877, and in 1879 I noted about more than sixty. These lines stretch between the dark expanses which we consider to be seas, and form on the bright, or continental, districts a well-defined network. Their arrangement seems invariable and permanent, at least as far as I can judge after an examination lasting four years and a half. However, their appearance and degree of visibility are not always the same, and depend on circumstances which the actual state of our knowledge does not permit us to determine. A great many were visible in 1879 that were not visible in 1877, while in 1882 all those previously seen were visible, with the addition of others. Sometimes the canals appear as vague, shaded lines, while on other occasions they are clearly defined, like the stroke of a pen. As a general rule they are traced on the sphere like the lines of great circles, some of them showing a sensible lateral curvature. They cross one another obliquely or at right angles. They have a general width of 75 miles. Their color is about the same as that of the seas, ordinarily a little brighter; each canal terminates in a sea or in another canal; there is not a single example of a canal ending on land."

This is not all. In certain seasons these canals divide in two, or rather, double themselves. This phenomenon appears to occur at a fixed time and to be produced almost simultaneously over the whole extent of the continents. These divisions into two are not an optical illusion depending on the increase of the power of vision, as happens in the observation of double stars, nor is it the canal itself that divides in two longitudinally. What occurs is as follows: To the right and left of a pre-existing line, without anything being changed in the course or position of this line; we see another line introduced equal to and parallel with the first, at a distance varying between 200 and 400 miles. It seems that this second line exists even nearer, but the telescope is not sufficiently powerful to distinguish this with certainty.

These inexplicable phenomena have been particularly noticed on January 11, 1882, at the end of the following February, and afterwards from January to March, 1884. During the observations in 1886, the greater part of these accessions had disappeared.

Nearly all the canals were perceived in April, May and June, 1888, but not all doubled. By comparing these different dates, it seems that the phenomenon is periodical, and is present every year, about two months after the spring equinox in the northern hemisphere; that is to say, after the passage of the sun from the southern to the northern hemisphere; this would be parallelled on our earth in the case of a phenomenon in meteorology or climatology, which should commence towards the end of April (we must remember that the year of Mars is nearly twice as long as ours), continue through May and June and then disappear in such manner that no trace of it remained in winter.

Now, what is the meaning of this geographical configuration? We involuntarily think of a gigantic industrial undertaking by the inhabitants of the planet. The generally rectilinear form of these lines, the fact that they all end at the sea, and the fact, more surprising still, that they are almost all double, being composed of two geometrically parallel lines, leads to the conception of a work that has been carried out with intention. It does not seem possible for unassisted nature to have produced effects of this kind. If they are the work of the inhabitants of the planet, what do they represent? Canals? But they are of a fantastic size, at least sixty miles in breadth. What Lesostris, what Napoleon, what Lesseps would dare to undertake such enterprises? Can they be plantations, or agricultural operations, organized over the whole face of the planet by an intelligent and peaceful population, freed from the military madness that sterilizes the foolish humanity of our earth? All hypotheses are open, all conjectures possible. They can be supported by different reasons. The length and breadth of the canals do not present such difficulties on Mars as they would on the earth, at least as regards the weight of the materials to be displaced. Without going the length of saying that labor is cheaper there than here, we yet cannot help remarking that the density of material is only sixty-one per cent. of what it is here; and that, in addition, a cube of earth weighing a thousand pounds here, only weighs three hundred and seventy pounds there. These are very different conditions from those existing on the earth, and may permit the execution of engineering works much more considerable than any that can be realised on our massive planet.

Yet, even here we have the pyramids, railroads, tunnels, canals, the Isthmus of Suez; works carried out by a youthful humanity, that has not attained the age of reason and does not yet know how to think, or how to live; since, instead of thinking it believes, and instead of living it devours itself in war without truce or mercy. Of what works might we not be the witnesses if we could return to the earth in ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred thousand years? Now, Mars is probably more advanced than the earth since it was formed first, and since, on account of its smaller volume and mass, it has more rapidly passed through the stages of planetary organization.

Its geographical appearance also shows that a part of its waters has already been absorbed; that its seas are narrow and of no great depth, which is in accordance with a state of advancement more complete than ours.

From every point of view, then, we may conclude that Martian humanity, whatever it may be in other respects, is capable of accomplishing works before which our most colossal undertakings are but child's play.

Need we necessarily admit that the inhabitants of Mars have constructed this singular geographical net-work? This conclusion seems to me to be more simple than to attribute it to an effort of nature, because nature generally works in irregular lines, especially in the kingdoms of mineralogy and zoology. The depressions of the ocean, the relief of continents, the basins, valleys, rivers, the configurations of coast-line, all assume irregular forms, and the straight line seems unknown in the operations of nature.

This experience on our earth leads us to believe that it is the same elsewhere, and we cannot imagine that inorganic nature should, in another world, work in another way than with us. Yet it is not certain that geological forces have acted everywhere in the same manner. The condensation of the globe by cooling during centuries, the reaction of internal heat, volcanos, earthquakes, disintegration from atmospheric agencies, and sedimentary deposits, have, to a great extent, formed, diversified, transformed and renewed from age to age the external appearance of the earth. Must this series of metamorphoses inevitably occur in all created worlds? We have no right to affirm it. We even have good reasons for thinking otherwise. On our near neighbor, the moon, the conditions are far different from ours; her geological configuration is far removed from that of the earth. Why should it not be the same in the case of Mars? The idea that this strange network of dark lines may be produced by crevices more or less analogous to those which we see on the surface of the moon, occurs naturally to the mind among other possible hypotheses. Can it be sustained? Possibly, in certain respects. That these crevices, these depressions, should be in communication with the seas is quite plausible, the sea-beds being themselves depressions. That they should be more or less filled with water is not surprising, considering their low levels and their communication with the sea. But their length, their rectilineal direction, their crossings and extensions are hardly in favor of this explanation. Must we conclude that the continents of Mars are homogeneous and without mountainous excrescences? For, otherwise, how could such crevices be produced in interminable straight lines? And again, the lines of dislocation should follow the geological lines of least resistance, only being straight by exception, whereas here it is the general rule.

On the other hand these lines are not permanent and invariable like the openings observed in the moon, and as deep crevices would be. They vary considerably in appearance from season to season, and seem to split into two periodically.

Some astronomers lean to the theory of immense rivers like the Nile, the Danube, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence. But rivers take their rise from brooks, streams, or springs in the middle of a continent, and, having for their nourishment the rainfall that descends to the bottom of the valleys, flow in ever brighter volume to the sea; while on Mars, these dusky lines lead without exception from sea to sea, and are of the same width from end to end.

We see that, under whatever aspect we examine this queer geographical arrangement, the explanation still remains to be found. But the observations that have been made during the spring of the present year, 1888, permit us to advance a little further towards the intimate knowledge of this neighboring world. Undoubted changes have been noticed, and these changes can only be attributed to actual inundations.

Certain parts of Mars, such as Libya, Deucalion and the district of the Lake of the Sun ("Lac du Soleil"), sometimes present appearances that can only be accounted for by inundations, submersions, or even, in certain cases, by displacement of the adjoining seas, which flood hundreds of thousands of square miles. These changes are not rare, and all those who are interested in the study of Mars are familiar with them. We must endeavor to account for these cataclysms, as it is puerile to deny their existence.

These singular transformations, which seemed doubtful, or, at most, probable, a few years ago, are now acknowledged facts. While remaining fixed in their relative positions (since the drawings made two centuries ago correspond with those of to-day, and enable us to trace the identity of the main geographical configurations; while, we we say, they are fixed in their relative positions), the seas of Mars are yet subject to considerable modifications in extent. Sometimes they overflow immense tracts of land; sometimes they withdraw and leave exposed stretches of land that were previously submerged.

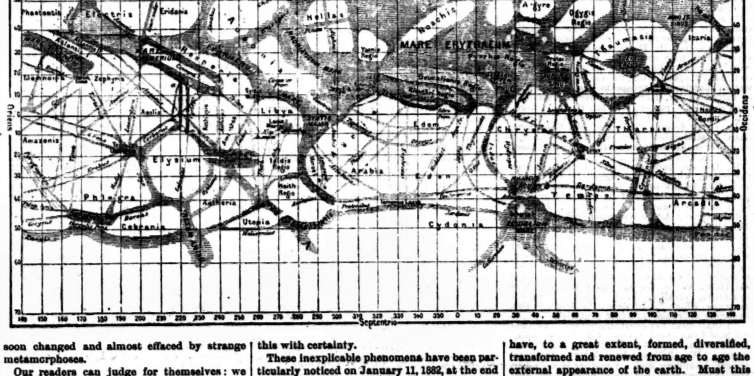
These lands, alternately dry and submerged; these seas, with shifting shores, now large or dusky, now narrow or bright in hue; these canals that appear and disappear, appearing in single form to-day and double to-morrow; these expanses of water that seem to increase, or decrease, at will; all these unaccountable metamorphoses seem to reveal the existence of causes non-existent, or at least not recognised on the earth.

Two small moons circle, with fantastic rapidity, in the sky that spreads before the inhabitants of Mars. One completes its revolution in 7 hours 39 minutes and 15 seconds; the other in 16 hours 17 minutes and 54 seconds; while the planet itself rotates in 24 hours, 37 minutes and 23 seconds. These satellites should produce rapid and variable tides, particularly when we remember that both density and gravity are slight on the surface of Mars. But these feeble satellites have but a feeble power of attraction, notwithstanding their nearness to the planet, and it would be difficult to ascribe these fluctuations to them; unless we credit them with some influence other than attraction—magnetic perhaps,—or with physical attributes unknown to human science.

However it may be, we must acknowledge it to be a world of wonders, notwithstanding its analogies to ours.

Such astronomical discoveries as these, which are but commencing, are assuredly destined to revolutionize many opinions. Those who, but yesterday, limited to the world which we inhabit the activity of natural forces, and were not willing to see in the sphere of space aught but inert masses, lost in the circles of the eternal void, have received a new and glorious lesson that should enlighten and instruct.

This neighboring world offers to us, at this moment, with the aid of the telescope, one of the most enticing and soul-stirring problems ever offered to man.



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The Cup of Cold Water.

A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed—perhaps on the walls; and you know that when a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

A Thrilling Incident.

There was a thrilling incident in a crowded elevated car the other day. Nothing in the history of the aerial mode of travel has ever equalled it, not even in cases of collision. Those who witnessed the sensation will never forget it. It was late in the afternoon, and the train was crowded. Aisles and platforms were packed. A stop was made at a station, and many tried to force their way on board. The conductor cried as usual: "Move up there in the middle of the car!" With that meekness under imposition only known in America, the crowd promptly squeezed toward the center, all except one man, who shouted, "I'll be hanged if I do!" Every person in the car was startled by the bold audacity of this man. Was he crazy? Had he been drinking? No, it appeared not. But he had openly defied the authority of the conductor to make him move up, and such a thing had never been known before. Women could hardly repress a shriek, children cried, and strong men grew pale and trembled with emotion. Even the conductor was struck speechless for a moment. His ears were all unused to such a protest.

Her Mother's Marriage

CHAPTER IV.

"Addie, would you like to come with me to Farmer Rowe's? It is a lovely walk, and you can take a look at the Abbey ruins. We can get some eggs from Mrs. Rowe, who lives only a few minutes' walk from the ruins," Gertie Conniston says, coming into the drawing-room, where Addie is putting pretty autumnal leaves, berries, and a few flowers into vases and bowls.

"I should like it very much, if you can wait for five minutes, while I wash my hands and put on my hat," Addie says, giving a tray containing odds and ends of sprays to one, on obliging, but not, as yet, very competent handmaiden.

"Wrap up well," Gertie advises. "Although the sun shines it is cold enough out-of-doors; but you were asking if there were any particularly pretty spots close here, and to my thinking the old Abbey is one."

There is, as Gertie says, a cold air; but the girls walk briskly when they first set out. The distance from the Mount to the Abbey is about three-quarters of a mile, and Addie feels quite rewarded for the trouble of walking that distance when she reaches the ruins.

"Suppose you remain here and explore, while I go to the farm-house?" Gertie proposes. "You will find some mountain ferns and two or three kinds of variegated ivy there."

"And may I pluck it?"

Well, seeing that it belongs to Mr. Herbert, and you would use it for his special benefit, I should think you may," Gertie laughs. "I shall not be long away.

"All right, dear."

And Addie walks softly through the gap in the broken walls, and wonders whose hands helped to raise the crumbling stones.

She is so absorbed in contemplating the building itself that for a little while she forgets all about the leaves and berries, until her eyes rest upon some lovely sprays of pale green and white ivy.

"Oh! how beautiful. I must have some of that," Addie thinks.

And in a moment she is scrambling over loose stones, so as to get a footing on what was originally the window of a monk's cell.

"Take care! the stones are unsafe," a voice cries.

And Addie is so startled that she misses her footing and falls sidewaysfor, as she caught, however, by the owner of the voice, who, in his endeavor to warn her, had caused her fall, and, with a little gasp, is set upon her feet.

"Mr. Keithson!" she cries, looking at her rescuer in surprise. "You here!"

"Did I not say I was coming to Bickington?" he asks, with something like a tinge of reproach in his tone.

"Oh! yes; but we thought—my cousin and I—that Mr. Ramsey would inform you of his absence from home. He has gone to Cornwall to see his son, who has been dangerously ill.

"That accounts for his not meeting me. I told him I meant to get off at Chapley station. Ah! well, I must manage some way. And how is his son now?"

"Better, I am happy to say. He is a very intimate friend of my relatives, the Conniston."

"Conniston? I had forgotten that that was your cousin's name. Is it common in Bickington?"

"The name, do you mean? I am sure I cannot say; but my Cousin Gertie will be here in a few minutes, and will probably be able to satisfy you."

"And may I ask, Miss Newton, if you are disappointed in Bickington?"

"I am anything but that. It is a wonderfully pretty place, and everyone is so kind to me."

"I thought from what I saw of Miss Conniston that you were going to nice people," the gentleman says, with a smile. "And now, may I get you some of that ivy?"

"If you are willing to brave the owner's anger," Addie returns.

"The owner! Pray, who is he?"

"Mr. Herbert, the lord of the manor. I do not know him, of course; but I expect to see him to-day," Addie answers, as the gentleman chooses some pretty sprays from the old grey wall. "Indeed, I rather expect he will be driven to put up with such hospitality as my uncle may offer, for he, too, was to come to the rectory to-day; and as Uncle Roger is the land agent—I think that is the term— But here comes Gertie."

That young lady looks considerably astonished at seeing Addie on conversing terms with a stranger, and her amazement is by no wise lessened when Addie introduces him to her as "Mr. Keithson, a friend of Mr. Ramsey."

"Mr. Keithson!" she cries. "Surely you mean Mr. Herbert, Addie!"

"Keithson Herbert is my name," the young fellow says, with an amused smile. "But if you are sister to the Miss Conniston whom I saw in Birmingham, I wonder that you should have made the discovery when she did not!"

"My sister did not see you," Gertie is beginning, when her cousin explains that Esther really has seen and spoken with Mr. Herbert.

"Then she did not tell me, of course; neithand that I have thought that Mr. Keithson could be the Mr. Keithson Herbert of Bickington, for we have always called him Mr. Keith, you know, Addie; but I saw papa's office the other day and saw some papers lying on the table signed 'George Keithson Herbert. I asked papa if that meant Mr. Keith, and he said it did. He also said that during Mr. Keith's stay in Yorkshire he had dropped his third name. So you see," Gertie says with a smile, "I did not show any special penetration in making the discovery. It does seem strange though, Addie, that you should have known Mr. Herbert before you came here."

"I am quite as much surprised as you can be," Addie says, while the color comes and goes strangely in her cheeks. She is not very well up in her consciousness, but she has sufficient tact to feel that she—the niece of Mr. Herbert's agent—cannot be exactly on terms of equality with Mr. Herbert himself.

"I hope that Miss Newton will not be angry with me for not having explained earlier," Mr. Herbert says, mistaking the cause of the change of color. "It never occurred to me that Miss Conniston was the daughter of the Mr. Conniston who is my friend, Mr. Ramsey's friend. Indeed, I did not notice the name when I heard it first."

"From my uncle's position as your agent it is natural that I should visit at of course; my household at a time when your home-coming was giving cause for rejoicing," Addie says, quietly, for she has had time to recover from her perplexity by this. She understands that it was unlikely that you would see any necessity to explain matters to an ordinary acquaintance, and there is no need for any apology now, Mr. Herbert. With your permission, she goes on with a half-sarcastic smile, "I will take a few more sprays of that exquisitely lovely ivy."

Mr. Herbert watches her closely. He is certain that a change has come over her, but he is at a loss to comprehend it. Fortunately Gertie while feeling that as the owner of Bickington Manor, Mr. Herbert is a person of importance, is not troubled by any of the thoughts which bother her cousin, so she chatters on and prevents any feeling of awkwardness.

"Well, now we know that you are Mr. Herbert we need not hesitate to help ourselves," she says, with a laugh. "If you come to the Mount you shall have the full benefit of them. For I assure you cousin Addie will arrange them beautifully. Unless you are going to put up at the Hall, I really don't see that you can do better than accept papa's invitation to the Mount," she adds, with a serious face.

"If Mr. Conniston will be good enough to take me in, I shall be thankful. I am not going to the Hall till my mother can accompany me. We left it together, and I should not care to return alone," the young man replies.

Gertie nods her head approvingly.

"It is a lovely old house, Mr. Herbert. I went over it the other day with my sister," she says, with her hand on one side, as she puts some delicate tendrils in the basket in which the eggs have been packed.

"Do you like old houses, Miss Newton?" Mr. Herbert asks.

"By which you mean grand old houses?" she replies, with a smile. "I have not seen many, but those I have were delightful places. You know them, probably!" and she mentions two mansions near her native village.

"Yes, I know them. Someday I hope you will permit your cousin to bring you to the Hall. I cannot describe it, of course, but as she seems to be well impressed perhaps you will be pleased also."

"Thank you," Addie says, quietly.

She is wondering how his mother will like his free-and-easy manner, and inviting those whom she will regard as inferiors to the house of which she will soon be mistress once more.

Having loitered in the ruins for nearly half an hour, Gertie at length reminds Addie that the eggs may be needed at home. Mr. Herbert asks to be allowed to attend the young ladies, and as he has to see Mr. Conniston Gertie says she thinks he had better do so at once.

So they walk sharply, for the stay at the Abbey has made Gertie chilly, though Addie declares she does not feel at all cold, and just as they pass the rectory Mr. Conniston comes out at the gate.

"Oh! papa, now fortunate. Here is Mr. Herbert. We met him at the Abbey, and have induced him to come to see you."

Addie notices that the young man greets Mr. Conniston warmly.

"Mr. Ramsey has said so much about you that you are anything but a stranger," he says. "Your daughter has told me of the rector's absence, and has assured me that you will take pity upon me and not condemn me to spend Sunday in company with Mr. Ramsey's old housekeeper."

"If you will honor the Mount with your presence we shall be pleased to welcome you, Mr. Herbert," the elder man says, heartily, for he feels sincere respect for the young master of Bickington. "But how did Gertie know you?"

Gertie rapidly undertakes to explain.

"It seems like a romance, papa, does it not?" she asks, gaily.

Something in Mr. Herbert's face as his eyes seek Addie's while Gertie makes the remark, causes the smile to die on Mr. Conniston's lips. But Addie appears to be unconscious of anything peculiar in Mr. Herbert's looks, and turns away to notice a dog that passes just then. It is followed a moment later by a gentleman on horseback, who checks his horse and raises his hat as he passes the group.

"That is handsome dog," Vic Proctor, Addie. What do you think of him?" Gertie says, in her usual outspoken way.

"Nothing. He is not a friend of yours?" Addie asks.

"Oh! dear no. He thinks himself far too grand. The civility was due to your presence," Gertie laughs. He likes to have every fresh girl who comes into the village if she has any pretensions to good looks, especially if he has a notion that the fair lady has a dowry, and I know for a fact it has been said in the village that Mr. Conniston's niece is an heiress."

"I am glad he is no friend of yours. He is a rude man, and not worth a thought," Addie says, drawing her figure to its full height.

Bella receives Mr. Herbert in a matter-of-fact style which puts everybody at ease, and it is worthy of note that this young lady, who is continually speculating on her own and her sisters' matrimonial prospects, is not capable of including Mr. Herbert in her speculations than she has of putting old Mr. Ramsey there. Mr. Herbert is her father's honored guest. Bella never forgets that, and Mr. Conniston has the satisfaction of feeling that his second daughter makes no bad substitute for his eldest in the capacity of hostess.

Mr. Herbert finds plenty to interest him in the house, which was designed by his father and built by his father, but as the day passes on he begins to wonder if he has been unwise to remain as a guest at the Mount. He sees with pain that Addie Newton avoids speaking directly to him, and to Bella he frankly owns that as she holds aloof from him he is attracted towards her more and more. It does not matter to his peace or on whom he looks, he seems to hear her voice only and to see her soft eyes, not as they look now, but as they did when he sat facing her in the railway carriage. He is beginning to realise that the charm of this girl's presence, which he felt when he first met her, exercises a strange influence over him.

"I shall meet her continually here. I do not see how I can avoid it, even if I had the wish," he thinks, as he goes with Mr. Conniston to his office. "We shall not be exactly in the same sphere, I suppose, and my mother is more particular about such matters since she made that foolish and unhappy match, but it seems to me that a sweeter girl than Addie would be more than a dozen of those I meet with in houses where we go. A week ago I had almost forgotten her existence, and to-day I feel that I could put her out of my thoughts, if I were to try."

Mr. Conniston's matters of business keep Mr. Herbert occupied for a couple of hours after dinner; and when the gentlemen are free to enjoy a chat later on, Mr. Conniston proposes to adjourn to the drawing-room.

"Are your young ladies musical?" Mr. Herbert inquires. "I should enjoy an hour or two with them."

"They are fond of music, but had no very special instruction. I believe my niece is gifted in that way, but she has not touched a note since she came here. Her poor mother's death took place so recently that my girls have refrained from asking her to play yet, though I know they are longing to do so."

"I have had the pleasure of hearing her; she has not only been well taught, but is a thorough musician—able to interpret so exquisitely!" Mr. Herbert says.

And again Mr. Conniston feels uneasy.

"We will go to the drawing-room, if you prefer to do so," he says, rising. "Perhaps shall soon see how Addie likes the suggestion of music."

And Mr. Herbert being anxious to be once more in the young lady's presence, eagerly assents.

Addie is not in the drawing-room, however. Bella excuses her cousin's absence by mentioning that poor Addie felt scarcely bright enough to join the family, and had asked to be allowed to go to her room.

"Poor dear! I am sure she has been unselfish," Gertie cries. "She never wearies us by dwelling on her loss; indeed, I rather would speak of it more one would feel better able to show sympathy."

"Better as it is, perhaps," Mr. Conniston rejoins.

And then Addie's existence seems to be forgotten; for the girls are by no means averse to complying with their father's request for some of his favorite songs. Bella sings, and they sing well, and Mr. Herbert is obliged to hide his vexation at what he feels sure is pride on Addie Newton's part, and take his part with a good grace in the little concert.

"She has been different ever since she heard one called Herbert. I shall hate my name if by resuming it I have lost all chance of winning her favor," the master of Bickington thinks that night as he retires to rest in the chamber which Addie's hands helped to embellish for his coming before she knew that Mr. Herbert was no stranger to her.

CHAPTER V.

"That niece of Conniston's isn't at all a bad-looking girl," Mr. Vic Proctor remarks to his sister as they walk home from church next day.

"There's something out of the common about her.

"Vic, did you notice that gentleman with her? I cannot imagine who he is. She has no brother, and yet he is dressed in mourning."

"Yes; of course I noticed him," Vic replies, somewhat shortly. "I think, Fan, that we may as well be civil to the Connistons, since they appear to be well connected," he adds, with a glance at his sister to see how she takes the suggestion."

Fan laughs lightly.

"That sweet-looking girl is doomed, I suppose?" she says, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I saw that your eyes wandered in her direction several times this morning. I wonder know more about her, though, before I make any advances. We cannot be too particular, you know, and even to gratify your love of conquest, Vic, I shall not put myself in this young lady's way until I have been over to Bagton to question old Mrs. Griffiths. She knows the history of most of the natives, and, as the Connistons have lived in Bagton for ages, she must be acquainted with the facts, or some of them, about Miss Newton's mother. We have only to discover that Mr. Newton was a gentleman, and then I shall be very inclined to regard the young lady as a possible acquaintance."

Victor and Fanny Proctor have the comfort of knowing that no one knows anything of their history, excepting what they choose to impart. They have a reputation of being wealthy, and live in fairly good style at a well-built mansion some near Bickington.

Vic Proctor believes that his bold, dark eyes have done terrible work among the ladies, an opinion which his sister quite readily endorses. And, doubtless, there are some of the fair ones in this neighborhood who admire him, for he is a fine-looking fellow, and, but for his effrontery, would be an acquisition to the society of a quiet locality such as theirs.

Fan is very much like her brother, on a smaller scale, and has made up her mind to raise herself in the social scale when she marries. For this reason she has of late been desirous to quit Bickington, knowing that few families of any standing reside near, and being quite aware that she has no chance of doing better than marry a local surgeon, or perhaps a needy curate.

Only one hope is detaining her now. It is that when Mr. Herbert returns to the Hall he may gather a lot of young fellows around him, some of whom she thinks may be worth a passe by unnoticed. For she has unlimited belief in the power of her own beauty, and does not doubt for a moment that she will immediately attain her wish. She is quite able to see that she is not likely to be a visitor at the Hall, except on sufferance, but then opportunities for meeting the Hall people will consequently, so, for the present, Fan is waiting as patiently as possible to see what the next few months will bring.

She and her brother walk on in silence for a few minutes. Then, as they pause near a stile, an elderly gentleman comes up to them.

"Good morning," he says, in a brisk, healthy tones, "what do you think of Mr. Herbert?"

"I have not seen him yet, Doctor. Has he arrived?" Fan asks, with evident interest.

"Not at the Hall; but he is paying a business visit to Mr. Conniston. You saw him at church—did you not?"

"Was that he? How did you know him, Dr. Bright?"

"He came to me after the service, and as he spoke to me I knew him. He had noticed me and asked Mr. Conniston if I were Dr. Bright. A fine, genial, manly fellow."

And the Doctor looks highly pleased.

That, then, was the owner of Bickington! The news finds food for conversation for all the rest of the way home.

"We might have known that he was nothing to Miss Newton," Fan observes later on. "It was the merest fancy that misled us."

"I am glad that point is settled. Of course Mr. Herbert will never notice the niece of his agent. And really, Fan, that girl has quite taken a hold of my fancy. Consult Mrs. Griffiths to-morrow," Vic says, restlessly.

Meanwhile Mr. Herbert is trying to make himself agreeable to Addie, who, although she is still very quiet, does not appear to avoid him any more. Fortunately, she herself, in alluding to the coming of her mother, has told him and Gertie does not let the opportunity slip.

"Do you mind playing for us, Addie?" she asks. "We shall be dull this afternoon unless you do."

"Unless somebody does," Addie returns, with a smile. "I am willing to do my part, however."

And so it is not difficult for Mr. Herbert to keep near Addie's side. She knows that he can sing, and, in alluding to the occasion on which he heard him, she feels she is obliged to address him directly. The glad smile with which he answers her brings a sweet flush into her face, and the young musician feels that further caution on his part is utterly useless. He loves her already, and he almost hopes that she is not really annoyed by his love. Before evening the hope became a certainty, and once when he has an opportunity he says, eagerly:

"You have made me almost happy to-day. I feared yesterday that you did not mean to regard me as a friend any more."

"There can scarcely be friendship between us," Addie returns, quietly. "Your visit to this village we shall be farther apart than we have been since we first met."

"I hope not," he replies, with great earnestness; "I will be your faithful friend, if you will. Do not make me regret that I have claimed my own."

Bella comes near them at this moment, and Addie is spared the necessity of replying.

A quick glance at him shows her how much in earnest he is, and her eyes drop to hide the light that has suddenly kindled them.

Not before he has seen it, however, and although she is shy of him during the rest of the evening, he does not think any more that she is proud or cold.

A week has passed away and Mr. Herbert has brought his mother home to Bickington. He has made it known that, as the thought of her second marriage is a painful one, she intends to be called Mrs. Herbert, and people readily fall in with the idea. There are to be no public rejoicings, owing to the recent death of old Mr. Herbert, but before many days have gone by visitors arrive at the Hall.

Mr. Herbert is not very well pleased at the course his mother has taken, but he knows that she has not had a very happy life, so he dutifully yields to her, and receives Lady Crowley and her daughter with the necessary show of cordiality.

Lady Crowley is a brilliant woman. She was a widow of twenty-two when Lord Crowley married her, and her daughter Diana Wells, at that time about fifteen, adored her mother.

Lady Crowley is very ambitious and would like to wed Diana to a man of title, but Diana has perversely fallen in love with Keith Herbert, and has coaxed her mother, who idolises her only child, to induce Mrs. Herbert to invite them to Bickington.

"It doesn't care about a title, mamma," the young lady urges, "so that I marry well. The Herbert family is an old one, and there is plenty of money to be had by marriage, and, considering that papa," she always speaks of her mother's husband as papa, "is a sulky old bear and may not see fit to leave me anything. Besides, Keith is set upon Keith Herbert, and why should I not win him?"

Diana Wellsford is very beautiful. She is nearly nineteen, and, although she has the figure of a Juno. Her complexion is fair, and her coloring brilliant, so that it does indeed seem likely that she will win the man on whom she has set her fancy.

She met Keith Herbert at a friend's house in Yorkshire, and as soon as she heard that he was owner of Bickington Manor she spared no pains trying to impress his mother favorably.

Mrs. Herbert has, during her long years of absence from her home, made some strong resolutions. Her first husband, Mr. Herbert, had been a thorough gentleman, but as he was old enough to be her father when she married him she had never been quite contented with her lot. On his death she chose to unite herself to a good-looking fellow, whose appearance was his only recommendation. How she suffered for her folly we have seen. The resolutions she has made to lead a better life immediately on her return to the Hall. Lady Crowley's coming is one result. Mrs. Herbert intends that in future *no acquaintance* shall be made if she can rule. She will choose her companions among the aristocracy of the land, and Keith, her gifted, handsome son, shall bring honor to the old name.

So Lady Crowley has no difficulty in obtaining an invitation to Bickington, and rumor is not slow to associate the name of Diana Wellsford and Keith Herbert.

The goods folks of Bickington have much to interest them just now. Among other things they hear that Geoffrey Ramsey is coming shortly to the rectory, and that the old rector is to be gratified by seeing his son established in his place. For Mr. Ramsey has pined long been, suffering from some throat affection which does not improve as he advances in years. Then just as people are speculating on the possibility of Mr. Geoffrey taking to himself a wife, his father returns home bringing Esther Conniston with him, and it is publicly announced that the unselfish young lady is to marry Geoffrey as soon as arrangements can be made.

It is well for Addie Newton that Mr. Ramsey proposes a fortnight's residence before Esther becomes its mistress. The girls are invaluable in making suggestions—for Esther, in her usual modesty, would have no idea of the expense—and Addie is as busy as anyone in helping to further the old gentleman's wishes.

"The doings of the Herberts are discussed a good deal, and Addie hears much of Diana Wellsford's probable reign at Bickington. Bravely the orphaned girl sets herself to the task that fortunately engrosses her attention, and no one suspects that the sad expression which sometimes comes into her eyes is not brought there solely by the remembrance of the father she has lost.

Mr. Herbert, on one pretence or other, has called at the Mount several times. Addie has not seen him alone, and she is very careful to avoid doing so. Mrs. Herbert feels it incumbent upon her to send a message to the wife of the future rector of the parish; but during the stay of Lady Crowley and her daughter she does not attempt to call at the Mount.

Thus matters go on until the end of January, and then Gertie Conniston, who has been ailing, the wedding is arranged to take place in a month.

Addie Newton has been quite as much the subject of conversation as Gertie, or the visitors who are staying so long at the Hall. It has not escaped notice that Vic Proctor and his sister have shown themselves desirous of cultivating her acquaintance, and more than one envious tongue has already been heard to insinuate that "there must be something queer about her." But Bickington people did not know of her existence a few months ago."

Miss Proctor's visit to Mrs. Griffiths has not brought anything evil to light. The lady remembers that she was a little Addie Conniston some years ago, and that the young lady, who lived somewhere in the south of England with her grandmother, married very well, and had seldom been to Bagton.

So Vic Proctor comes to the conclusion that the husband had not wished to keep up an intimacy with his wife's family, hence the long period of disengagement. He is pleased, and he and his sister in his desire to be on visiting terms with the Connistons; for she has ascertained that Mr. Herbert sometimes calls at the Mount. Gentle Esther Conniston is desirous of being amiable with everybody; and, as Addie cannot treat visitors discourteously, she is forced to be civil to Mr. Proctor.

He can see that the civility is forced, however, and bitterly resents it. Yet his admiration for the fair stranger increases, and he literally forgets the neighborhood of the Hall. And so matters go on until a few days before the wedding, when Mrs. Herbert, whose visitors have left, entertains some of her tardiness in making Esther's acquaintance by proposing to provide a tea for all the village children on the day of her marriage. Up to this time Mrs. Herbert has never seen Addie Newton, who, at the special request of Mr. Ramsey, has undertaken to play the organ during the temporary absence of the regular. Mrs. Herbert accompanies his mother to the Mount, hoping to be present when she meets Miss Newton, but is disappointed, for the lady is, at any rate, as Addie is not at home. His tone as he enquires for her makes his mother look at him keenly.

"Who is Miss Newton?" she asks, on the way to the Hall.

"Miss Conniston's cousin. She used to live at Chasecourt. I met there then. Why do you know her, you will think her one of the sweetest girls you have ever seen."

"Indeed!" she says, in how that can concern me. Of course, Miss Conniston, as the future wife of Geoffrey Ramsey, cannot be quite overlooked, but we cannot put ourselves on a footing with these people, Mrs. Herbert says, coldly.

"Wait until you see, Miss Newton, mother," he non sequitur, quietly. "She is not at all like what you may fancy her."

"I do not fancy anything about her. I am going to my room to write to Lady Crowley. Have you any message for Diana?"

"None," Keith replies, curtly, for he is greatly annoyed at his mother's manner, although, of course, he has known all along how it would be.

. . . . . .

The wedding takes place on a bright, cold day in February, and Addie is quite the bride's-maiden, for much as Esther would like to have her there among the delighted girls, she was quickly understood that it would seem like a slur on the memory of the recently-lost mother were Addie to be decked out in bridal finery; but to compensate for any seeming lack of enthusiasm at the event which she knows is one full of happiness, to the best beloved of her cousins, Addie volunteers to play the Wedding March, and in order to be somewhat in keeping with her surroundings, she lays aside her black robes for once, and puts on a soft white muslin dress, and wears of all ornament excepting a bunch of snowdrops.

"I must ask you not to expect me to come in to meet the guests, Essie dear," she says, as, throwing on her cloak and hood, she hurries to go to the church long before the bridal party will set out. "But I will help to wait on the children in the afternoon."

And, in the simple gown, which makes her look like some beautiful devotee, she first meets the mother of Keith Herbert, who is already in the church inspecting the arrangement of the flowers which she has sent down from the Hall. Addie has not expected to find anyone in the church, and her surprise at the sight, for lovelness, she goes softly up the aisle, when to her surprise a lady suddenly rises from beside a group of flowers.

Mrs. Herbert is not startled you," Addie says with a faint flush, as she recognises Mrs. Herbert. "I had no idea that anyone was here."

Mrs. Herbert looks pleasantly.

"Not at all. I heard a noise and looked up, expecting to see some one. I ought to apologise, I think."

"I recognized you so quickly that I had no time to feel alarmed," Addie rejoins, simply.

"You know me?" Mrs. Herbert asks, looking inquiringly at the sweet-looking, quaintly-clad girl.

"Everyone in Buckington knows Mrs. Herbert," Addie says, with a smile. "I see you every Sunday from my seat in the organ-loft. I am Addie Newton, cousin to Miss Conniston."

Mrs. Herbert's face becomes a trifle more grave, but she does not feel it possible to speak coldly to this elegant girl. For that she is elegant, in her severely simple gown, Mrs. Herbert sees too well, and her son's words—

"You will think her one of the sweetest girls you know," are quite verified.

"Oh, yes; I have heard of you. Have you come early to practise?"

"No; that would scarcely do," Addie says, with an amused expression in her eyes. "The villagers will assemble soon. I came to avoid notice, for I am not much like a wedding guest," she goes on, in a low voice. "I shall take my seat up yonder, and no one will see me."

Then, with a low bow, she moves quietly away, and Mrs. Herbert stands watching her, when Keith suddenly pushes open the red-baize door, through which Addie had to pass.

"Miss Newton!" he cries, in a voice which he has forgotten to subdue. "You here!"

"I came to please my cousin," Addie says, with wonderful self-control, for she feels she must not betray herself to Mrs. Herbert's eyes. "The flowers from the hall are very beautiful," she adds, glancing towards the altar, where she knows he will see his mother.

"Yes, he admits, absently. "Have you spoken to my mother?"

"I was compelled to introduce myself, for I almost stumbled over her. Do not let me detain you. I am going to the organ-loft."

And with a stately gesture she passes from his admiring gaze.

"Well, mother, I did not exaggerate in describing Miss Newton—did I?" the young man asks, as he comes up to where Mrs. Herbert still stands.

"She is a very nice-looking girl," his mother admits. "But come and tell your opinion about the disposal of these ferns."

Among the visitors to the church this bright morning is Mrs. Griffiths.

"I was tempted out by the beauty of the morning," she explains to Fan Proctor, on whom she calls before driving up to the church. "You were asking about Mr. Conniston's niece the other day, and I bethought me of some people who knew Mrs. Grovelly, Addie Conniston's grandmother. They have made enquiries, and, as it happens, were able to question a woman who was once Mrs. Grovelly's confidential servant. The woman says that her mistress died broken-hearted, after having an interview with her grand-daughter, Mrs. Newton, about five months after that lady's marriage. The old servant never quite understood what happened, but she knew that it was something very serious, for Mrs. Grovelly never recovered from the shock, and sometimes said in the last hours of her life that her poor Addie worse than widowed."

Fan Proctor immediately imparts the confidential communication to her brother, and later on to a particular friend of hers, with the result, that, before Esther's wedding day is over, half of the people in the Proctors' clique know that there was something very unfavorable about "that Miss Newton's mother's marriage."

Vic Proctor is seriously angry when he finds that his sister has helped to circulate the report, and later in the afternoon when Fan invites him to accompany her to the school to offer their services in helping to dispense Mrs. Herbert's bounty to the children, he does not know how to hide his chagrin when Flo Marrin, one of Fan's friends, speaks disparagingly of Addie Newton. The fact is, everyone is struck with the beauty of the young girl, as with a fair rose-flush in her cream-white cheeks, she moves among the happy children and the admiration of the few gentlemen present raises the envy of the numerous ladies, who are not slow to profit by the hints about that mysterious marriage.

Another source of vexation to the ladies is, that whereas Addie Newton is plain and, and shows it, when Mr. Herbert notices them, Miss Newton speaks to him whenever he addresses her—which is by no means seldom—as quietly and unconcernedly as if he were a library person. They do not know how her heart throbs at the sound of his voice, nor the pain she endures while forcing herself to act as she does.

"Fan, you must be mad to say anything about Miss Newton," Vic Proctor exclaims later on. "Everybody is making no end of evil out of Mrs. Griffith's trumped up story."

"Why did you not tell me to question the old woman?" Fan retorts, "instead of what she has told us, and that there is more behind than we know of. Indeed, as Mrs. Crabbe remarked a little while ago, perhaps the marriage was no marriage at all?"

"Confound it, Fan! How spiteful you can be! Anyway it will be as well for you to keep silent about her."

"Why?" Fan asks in surprise. "You do not mean to say that you mean anything serious?"

"I mean to ask her to be my wife, that's all," Vic rejoins with calm determination.

"You! Marry a girl of doubtful antecedents—"

"That will do, Fan. Heroics are not becoming to us in private. We are apt to remember old Eve Proctor, the marine-store keeper—"

Fan covers her ears, and her brother, with a peculiar smile, turns on his heel and leaves her.

(To be Continued.)

Ecstatic.

Holiday times have been frequently spent by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in Switzerland. From one occasion in 1866 On and off they have we gather the following item:—"On reaching the summit we all sat down on a bench, and, while the guide on the top of the mountain, where we prepared to unpack our lunch. During this operation Mr. Parkinson, quite lost in admiration of the scene, went into ecstasies, and gave vent to his rapture in the words, 'It is indeed divine! What a sky! Look at that exquisitely peaceful valley wrapped in rich verdure and surrounded by those grand snow-clad mountains. Where is there a painter who can reproduce such colors, such tints, such shadows? No, Bancroft, it is not to be imitated! How noble are those rugged peaks—grand, impregnable, defiant! This is indeed a heavenly spot for romantic meditation!' Then, suddenly looking at the lunch—'Oh, the sandwiches! I ordered beef, and they've given me ham!'"

It Would Have Cost Too Much.

The famous Legislature that met at Bismarck after the capital removal was composed of many "old settlers" who were fond of indulging in the national game of "poker." The "old gang" were all "high rollers." It is vouched for by a prominent Democrat that one morning after a long session of December from Sioux Falls, who enjoy particular political prominence, was observed in a dilapidated condition. His once immaculate shirt front was a reeking mass of tobacco juice. A friend called his attention to the fact. "Yes," he says, "I know it. You see I was playing draw with Col. —— and Major ——, last night, and it was a dead hard game. If I had turned around to spit it would have cost me a hundred dollars a spit."

Two Cents to Spend.

A juvenile entered a famous Glasgow "sweetie" shop, which was by the act of being closed for the evening, and, rapping on the counter to attract the attention of the shopkeeper, he exclaimed.

"Hey, man, ye micht tak' aff yer shutters a wee till I see what I'll buy wi' my penny."

Worried Too Much.

Patient—Doctor, I can't sleep at night. I tumble and toss until morning.

Doctor—H'm, that's bad. Let me see your tongue. (After diagnosis—Physically you are all right. Perhaps you worry over that bill you've owed me for the past two years.

The Only Debt He Ever Paid.

It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid anything but a compliment.

WHY?

A Charming Love Story in Six Parts.

CHAPTER XI.

FOUND OUT.

Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heartache!—*Hyperion.*

He who devises evil for another falls at last into his own pit, and the most cunning finds himself caught by what he had prepared for another.—*Metastasio.*

For fully two minutes Hills sat staring at Lesley as if he could not believe his ears.

"Are you quite sure of what you're saying?" he asked at last in incredulous tones.

"I am perfectly sure," Lesley answered, steadily.

"And she has never been engaged to any one?"

"Never!" Lesley asserted, positively.

"But, why on earth should her own sister—" Hills began, when his friend cut him short.

"Look here, old chap," he said, brusquely, "it's just this way. Georgie Darrell is an arrant little coquette, a flirt, an unscrupulous, mischief-making liar, as wicked as she is high; that's in plain English, the long and short of she's in business. She spends all her time laying herself out to please any young tadpoles in the shape of militia subs that may be going in Idleminster society; and then when either her sisters attracts an older or more eligible man, she's that infernally jealous that she can't rest till she has got hold of them; or had a try to, which is the same thing as far as she is concerned. Why, the very day before I came up to town, I went up to the Priory in the afternoon, and was chatting with Mrs. Darrell, when in she came. 'Oh, is that you, Mr. Lesley!' says she, with as much astonishment in her false little voice and on her false little face as if I'd been out in India for ten years and hadn't served half my time. And then after a bit she forgot all that, and pretended Madge was busy writing, and wasn't coming down at all. Mrs. Darrell asked if Madge knew I was there. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, airily, 'for I was at the window and saw him open the gate. I told Madge who it was!' Why, when first I spoke about you to the Darrells at all, she bridled up as if you'd been her special property. 'You remember him, Vi, don't you?' she said. 'Oh! he was a great friend of ours; such a nice fellow.'"

Hills suddenly got up from his chair and knocked his pipe out against the edge of the chimney shelf. "I'm going to bed, old fellow," he said, abruptly! "don't think me ungrateful. You've done me a good turn, and I shall never forget it. But I can't talk about it just yet, and I want to get away and think it over quietly by myself."

"And you'll come back to Idleminster with me?" said Lesley, anxiously.

"I shall go down to-morrow," answered the other, promptly.

"Then I shall go back with you," said Lesley cheerfully.

"Oh! no need for that; your leave is not up yet," protested Hills.

"Leave!" repeated Lesley, with a huge contempt, such as ought to have cut off all his leave for a twelvemonth to come. "Oh! leave be blowed. Why, my dear chap, I wouldn't miss Madam Georgie's face when she first sets eyes on you for all the leave I could squeeze out of my next ten years' service;" and then at last the awed gravity on Hill's face relaxed, and they both went off into fits of laughter.

So, surely enough, the following morning found the two men on the platform at King's Cross, looking out their places for the North express; and, not unnaturally, a few hours later, that is to say, between five and six of the afternoon, when Virginie had carried the tea tray into the Priory drawing-room, she was summoned to the door by a vigorous pull at the bell which sent a loud peal resounding through the house. And on going to see who had made such a commotion she found Lesley and another gentleman waiting for admittance.

"Virginie," says Lesley, slipping something into her hand, "who is at home?"

"The young ladies, sir," Virginie answered, with a smile.

"Not madame?"

"Madame is making visits in the village," the Frenchwoman answered. "I expect her at any moment."

"Virginie, show this gentleman into the dining-room. Yes, I see you remember him; and after a minute or so fetch Miss Darrell—Miss Violet, you know—out on some excuse or other and send her in there. He wants to speak to her at once—you understand?"

"Perfectly, m'sieu," returned Virginie, with a comprehensive glance at Hills, whom she did not recognise so thoroughly as Lesley imagined.

"Go along, old chap," said Lesley. "Now, perhaps, you'll show me in, Virginie."

So Virginie opened the drawing-room door and announced "Mis-tarre Les-lee," in her usual manner; and, as Lesley expected, the three girls were seated there and also the redoubtable Joey.

He could not be blind to the nervous start which Georgie gave on seeing him, but the presence of the valiant Joey gave her a good deal more courage than she would otherwise have had, and she, by an effort, rose to the occasion airily enough; indeed she was the first to jump off her seat and greet the new comer.

"We could not imagine who it was," she exclaimed. "There seemed to be quite a consultation going on outside the door."

"I was inquiring after the excellent Virginie's health," said Lesley, imperturbably. "Virginie and I are great friends, and I have not seen her for several days."

"Virginie ought to be flattered," cried Georgie with a ringing laugh, which somehow sounded a little forced and false in Lesley's expectant ears.

"Did you have a good time in London?" she inquired, when he had greeted her sisters and nodded to Joey.

"The best I ever remember," said Lesley promptly.

Georgie gave a sigh. "How nice! How I wish we could go up to London for a few days and have a good time."

"Mad'moiselle," said Virginie, appearing at the door at that moment, "pardon, but could I speak to you for one moment?"

"Certainly, Virginie," said Violet, rising at once; then glanced at the two men. "You will excuse me?"

"Dear me, more mysterious communications," remarked Georgie, flippantly, and wondered what the smile which flickered for an instant under Lesley's mustaches could possibly mean.

However, she did not desert the drawing-room and the two men to satisfy her curiosity on the subject of what she called Virginie's "mysterious communication" to Violet. On the contrary, she stayed and did her very best, by her manner to Joey Lancaster, to show Lesley how very little she desired to attract him. And the valiant Joey—not unmindful of the White Dragoon's occasional look of disgusted disdain—sunned himself in the light of the beauty's smiles, with quite an idea that he was having a favored time at the expense of the other man—in short, that Lesley was furiously jealous of him!

Meantime, Violet had followed Virginie out into the hall. "What is it Virginie?" she asked, expecting that it was some tiresome tradesman who had sent in a bill "to wait for an answer."

"There is some one for you in the dining-room, mad'moiselle," answered Virginie; then pushed her gently into the room and softly closed the door behind her.

Still unconscious of the truth, Violet walked into the middle of the room and—and then Hills turned round from the hearthrug where he had been standing, and faced her.

"Violet!" he said, humbly, "don't you know me? Have you forgotten me?"

"Mr. Hills!" she exclaimed, turning very white and making an involuntary movement of her hands towards him—a movement that was not lost on Hills any more than the fact that they were trembling violently.

He went a step or two towards her and caught her hands in his. "I have no right to come back," he said, very meekly, "but I went away like a fool for the sake of a lie. I have no right ever to expect you to look at me again, ever to speak to me again, for I went away in anger with you, believing a lie against you that I ought to have known, knowing you, was a lie. But if I sinned against you, my darling," he went on, holding her hands close against his breast, "I have suffered during those years—oh! what have I not suffered!—for my life has been one hell of regret, of misery, of yearning and hungering for you; and when I have come back, not what I was, I won't pretend it, but soured and hardened, and, in a measure, broken down altogether, to ask your forgiveness for the doubt I have had of you, to ask your infinite pity, to beg that you won't send me away—" and then, all at once, Hills—cynical Hills, the sneering, gibing hater of women—(if only the Royal Horse or Driver Dallas could have seen him)—set the little hands free and took Violet Darrell in his arms, and the next moment she was sobbing her heart out upon his breast. It was all right then, and in those few moments, brief, precious, fleeting as they were, Hills had got rid of the lion's share of his cynicism and his hardness and was a long way back upon the road to being the Hills whom Violet Darrell had learnt to love before ever the Royal Horse went off to the shining East.

"And you have loved me all along!" he said, half bewildered, when a little time had gone by.

"All along!" sighed she, with ineffable contentment in her looks and tones.

"And are you not even going to ask me what the lie was that parted us?" he asked, holding her closer still.

But Violet shook her head. "I thought of nothing—only that you had come back," she said, simply.

"Oh! To think I doubted you!" he cried, in keenest self-reproach. "My darling, in your angelic goodness you have taken me back; but I am not fit for you: I am not fit to tie down under your feet and let you trample on me—I—"

"What is it that you heard?" she asked.

He hesitated for an instant. "I heard that all the time I had been trying to win you, you were engaged to another man."

"But what nonsense; how could that be? You might have known, you ought to have known, that it was not true," she cried. "It was so absurd that I can't understand your being deceived by it, or believing it for a moment. And who told you this wonderful story?"

"Must I tell you?"

"Yes," she said, firmly; "you must tell me."

"It was your sister," he said quietly.

"My sister! What, Georgie?"

"Your sister Georgie," he answered.

For a moment she was silent. "I don't see how you can be blamed for believing it," she said at last. "You are sure you made no mistake? She said it in plain English?"

"In plain English," he said, in a tone which admitted of no doubt.

Violet drew a deep breath. "She is my sister," she said, slowly at last. "And if my mother comes to hear of it it will kill her. Will you be content to keep silence if I ask you, for my mother's sake?"

"Oh! my darling," he began, passionately—and just then the door opened and Georgie burst in, stopping short as she caught sight of Hills.

"Georgie," said Violet, sternly, catching her by the arm, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr. Hills," Georgie gasped, "Mr. Hills—I—I—" and then she reeled aside and fell to the floor like a log of wood!

CHAPTER XII.

THE LITTLE FOOL!

Whither my heart has gone there, follows my hand and not elsewhere,
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the way,
Many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness.
—*Longfellow.*

It was a long time before Georgie came to her own senses again; when she did she sat up, and, resting her head against Virginie, who had been hurriedly called on the scene by Violet, looked languidly round the room. And by that time she was herself again.

"Is it really you, Mr. Hills?" she said in a tone of languid astonishment. "Do you know, for a minute I thought it was your ghost or something! How you startled me!"

"You had better go up to your room and lie down," said Violet, coldly. "There was not the least need for you to make such an exhibition of yourself as to faint and all that. If mother finds you like this she will be frightened to death."

"I nearly was," said Georgie, closing her eyes again and leaning heavily against Virginie. "Really, I think—though of course, Mr. Hills, I'm enchanted to see you—it's very inconsiderate of people to come unawares upon one in that way. It's so startling."

"Especially when one has not had time to get one's defence ready," said Violet, with cold disdain.

Georgie flushed up with a very pretty show of indignation. "Defence! What do you mean, Violet? What have I to defend myself against? I don't understand you in the very least. Pray explain yourself."

"I will," answered Violet, her eyes gleaming dangerously and with a light which neither Georgie nor Hills had ever seen in their gentle depths before. "You told Mr. Hills here some time ago—before the Royal Horse went to India, in fact—that I was engaged to some man, and that was why Mr. Hills never came to see me one afternoon when you knew I was waiting for him. That was why he went to India without asking me to marry him. You have known this all along, and just now, when you saw what Mr. Hills came back and thought you were found out, you were so frightened you fainted right away. Oh, yes, you fainted honestly enough. I've seen you faint a good many times, and this time it was genuine. You might have come round a little quicker," she added in disgust, "but that is a detail."

Georgie sat up and pushed Virginie away from her, and stared at her sister with surprise which was the very essence of superb acting.

"The mischief you have made by acting with what possible reason you ever did it, I cannot think, except that it was to gratify your inordinate vanity. I much regretted you now as it can ever be," Violet went on sadly, "and for our mother's sake, not to spare you in any way, I will keep silence about it. She has had trouble enough. It is no use worrying her by telling what she knows in her heart already—that you are as false as you are high."

By this time Miss Georgie had collected her senses sufficiently to speak. And speak she did to some purpose.

"I was never," she said, in slow and deliberate accents, "so insulted in the whole course of my life. You will keep silence for our mother's sake! Indeed, you need do nothing of the kind, for my mother shall hear these vile accusations which you have brought against me the very instant she enters the house! As for you," turning like a fury upon Hills who was well-nigh struck dumb by her audacity, "how dare you say that I told you my sister was engaged to any one?"

"You did tell me so," Hills said, promptly.

"Never!" Georgie cried, indignantly. "I could not tell you such a thing—it wouldn't have been true."

"I know now that it was not true," said Hills, steadily; "but at the time you told me, I believed you, to my cost."

"And you went to India, believing that I had told you my sister was engaged?"

"Yes."

"And was that the reason you did not ask her to marry you then?"

"That was so."

Georgie burst into a shrill peal of laughter. "Why, you must have been mad for drinking," she cried. "I put it to you, why should I say anything so preposterous—so outrageous? You were a good match in every way for her. It would have been a good thing for us all that you should have married her. It—it—is so absurd; it's such a foolish charge to bring against me, for you cannot be vain enough to think that I ever cared for you."

"I did not think that," Hills admitted.

"Then you must have dreamt it," Georgie exclaimed.

"I don't think I dreamt it," he said, not liking to take a harder stand against a woman who was plainly driven into a corner and was acting such a determined and plucky fight to get out of it.

Georgie saw her advantage and seized it in a moment. "You don't think! Ah! then you are not quite sure! Well, I am, and that I never said anything of saying any such thing. It's not been very pleasant for me, all this, but I am not malicious, and so, as Violet says, for our mother's sake, I will say nothing more about it. But the next time, Violet, my sister," she ended, airily, "you feel inclined to denounce any one, just wait till you've heard the other side. It will save you from being in the wi se t and the least unpleasant thing to do, take my word for it," and then she quietly slipped out of the room, and left Violet and Hills together, Virginie having betaken herself discreetly away some little time before.

For a moment or so, the long-parted lovers stood staring at one another in blank amazement; then Hills burst out laughing at the cleverness and the utter absurdity of it all—a heartier laugh than had passed his lips since the day when the Royal Horse marched out of Idleminster, bound for the shining East.

"What shall I do?" Violet asked.

"Do?" he echoed. "Why, you can't do anything. We are routed—horse, foot, and dragoons; I never saw such a superb dash in my life. What a little fool she'd make!"

"Shall I have to sit down and pocket it all quietly?" Violet exclaimed.

"Yes, and say 'Thank you,' into the bargain," Hills rejoined. "What else can you do? There is only my word against hers. I've no absolute proof one way or the other."

"She always called Georgie a fool!" cried Violet, with bewildered admiration.

"Then you were wrong. She is no fool," said he, decidedly; "quite the contrary, for she's simply as clever as daylight."

But, all her cleverness notwithstanding, Miss Georgie did not get off quite so easily as she seemed, at one time, about to do; for that exceedingly plain spoken and inconvenient young person, Madge, had something to say on the subject. And she chose to say it that very night, when Georgie was just brushing out her feathery golden hair in preparation for going to bed.

"I say, Georgie," she began, marching into the little beauty's room, followed by Violet; "Violet's been telling me something about you to-day, and I want to speak to you."

"About me; well, what is it?" said Georgie, sharply, and brushing away at her hair as if sheer life depended on it.

"Yes, Violet has told me all about it," said Madge, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I think Violet would have done better to have held her tongue," returned Georgie, sharply, "considering that I was more grossly insulted than I ever was in all my life before."

"Yes, but all the same you did tell Mr. Hills, you know," said Madge, coolly.

"Madge!" cried Georgie, warningly.

"Yes, I know you're very good at that sort of thing," said Madge, quietly—"injured innocence and outraged truth and all the rest; but you've been pretty miserable the last few days, Georgie, and you know it; in fact, you were never quite so wretched in all your life before. You haven't been able to settle to anything. You haven't eaten or taken any interest in it at all. You've scarcely slept, and when—you did—sleep—you—had—dreams."

"Dreams!" Georgie cried.

"Yes, dreams! Only last night I heard you moaning and crying in your sleep and I came in to see if you were ill or anything. But, no; you were asleep. You were dreaming, dreaming about Mr. Hills. Now, if what he told Violet to-day was a lie, what did you want to be dreaming about it for last night? Tell me that."

"What did I say?" Georgie faltered.

"Ah, we are getting at the truth now," Madge murmured to Violet. "Well, you said just this, just in this way. 'Oh! no, no, Mr. Hills; don't tell Violet. I never meant it really; I never did. She isn't engaged to any one; it was only a joke, and—and I shall die if you tell her—' and then you went off into sobs and indistinct moans, and I went back to bed, enlightened not a little, I can assure you."

There was a long silence; but at last Violet broke it. "Have you anything to say?" she said contemptuously.

Georgie only shook her head, and the elder girl rose to her feet. "You lied remarkably well this afternoon," she said in cutting tones. "It is an accomplishment you possess to perfection; but you need not bring it into family use again. I am going to marry Captain Hills, and Madge is safely engaged to Mr. Lesley, so you had better keep all your art in that way for Joey Lancaster's benefit, and if you can prevent him from finding out what a false little Jezebel you are, it will serve you a good turn yet"—and then she took Madge's hand and they went out, leaving the little beauty, with all her feathery golden hair hiding her face, by herself.

Now it happened that the following afternoon, Mrs. Darrell was sitting by the fire in the Priory drawing-room alone. Violet and Madge were both out, probably with their respective men, and only Georgie was at home.

She came sidling up to her mother with her most coquettish and coaxing air, and sat herself on the hearthrug, resting her pretty golden head against her mother's knee.

"Mammie, darling," she began, "would you do something for me?"

"If I can," said Mrs. Darrell, indulgently.

"Well, you know, dear, we have always said, we girls, that we must marry money."

"It is desirable," Mrs. Darrell admitted.

"And Vi and Madge are both very lucky. They are going to marry money," Georgie went on; "but mammie, darling, I'm a dreadful pauper all for love—and—and—he hasn't much money, poor Joey——"

"Not that Joey!" cried Mrs. Darrell in dismay.

"Mammie, dear, I do love him so," Georgie cried. "And I'm not like the others; I couldn't count money and all that in comparison with love; you'll be kind to him, won't you, darling, when he comes to see you about it?"

"But what are you going to live on?" Mrs. Darrell cried.

"On the dinner of herbs where love is," said Georgie, with beautiful seriousness; "only say 'yes,' dear, and I will never grudge my sisters their stalled oxen, though I have been credited all my life with being a vain and selfish little fool."

"And to think," said Mrs. Darrell afterwards to Madge, "that of you three, the one to give up all for love should be Georgie!"

THE END.

The "Family Herald" Stories.

Every English reader who has read a story or heard of a story paper knows that the *Family Herald*, published by Wm. Stevens & Son, London, England, has the reputation of being the best and highest class in the world. A contract proposed by Mr. Sheppard while he was in England, has just been completed by the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT, whereby every *Family Herald* story will appear simultaneously in both papers. The cost of this privilege is large, but the advantage to TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT and *The Fireside Weekly* will be great. Advance sheets of No. 2,367 of the *Herald*, containing the first chapters of the new novel, "Missing," are on the way, and it will begin in SATURDAY NIGHT of next week.

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This charming story which so delighted the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, is now ready in book form, 196 pages, handsomely printed, and bound in most artistic covers. You could not send a prettier little reminder to an absent friend than this little book. Price 25 cents, in covers ready for mailing, at the Sheppard Publishing Co's office, 9 Adelaide street west. For sale by all newsdealers.

Smith's Baby Was to Blame.

"Young Spoony doesn't come to see you any more," said old man Logcoffin to his daughter Esmeralda.

"No, pa; the last two nights we were talking out at the gate Smith's colicky baby across the street screamed so that we couldn't hear ourselves talk, and somehow or other it seemed to sorter discourage him," replied Esmeralda.

"Where There's a Will," Etc.

Grieved Sister—Oh, Harold, you don't know what I would give to see you go to work with a will.

Wayward Brother—Go to work with a will, eh! Well, my dear sister, you just wait till uncle dies, and you'll see me do it, if the will doesn't suit me."

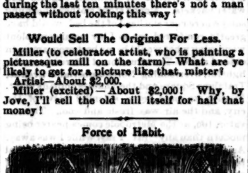
Why the Navy Is So Nice.

Miss Mistyage—Oh! lieutenant. I should think you'd dote on being in the navy. I should just love to belong to the navy.

Lieutenant Mainstay—Why so, Miss Mistyage?

Miss Mistyage—It must be so nice. Pa says the government often advertises for proposals for the navy and gets all it wants. I think that it must be just too sweet for anything to belong to the navy.

By the Sea.



Violet—Oh! I do believe there's dear George coming along the beach, Mabel.

Mabel—So he is! How can we best attract his attention?

Ethel—By remaining as you are, girls, for during the last ten minutes there's not a man passed without looking this way!

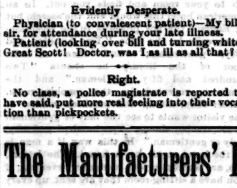
Would Sell The Original For Less.

Miller (to celebrated artist, who is painting a picturesque mill on the farm)—What are ye likely to get for a picture like that, mister?

Artist—About $2,000.

Miller (excited)—About $2,000! Why, by Jove, I'll sell the old mill itself for half that money!

Force of Habit.



Chap from Nevada—Ah, here comes the road agent! (His four friends involuntarily hold up their hands.)—*Puck.*

Evidently Desperate.

Physician (to convalescent patient)—My bill, sir, for attendance during your late illness.

Patient (looking over bill and turning white) Great Scott! Doctor, was I as ill as all that?

Right.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

WHILE saying farewell to Edinburgh, I desire to express my thanks to Mr. John M. Richard, Mr. Walter Miller Richard and Mr. Macpherson for the many kind attentions we received while in their city. I suppose it must be a bore bothering with strangers, but the pleasure of visiting a city is multiplied many fold when one finds friends, like these I have named, kind enough to take the trouble of making one's time go as far as possible, and of filling that time with pleasant events.

The journey from Edinburgh to London is a pleasant and picturesque one, relieved by glimpses of the blue waters of the North Sea shining between the green hills of the coast. At Newcastle we had an example of what the traveler soon finds to be a remarkable feature of an English journey. The train people and the porters around the railway station never seem to lose sight of you. It would not be wonderful if, on alighting in a country station your advent should be noticed and your destination inquired into, but when the traveler is one of half a thousand passengers, he naturally expects to have to take care of himself, and get but little sympathy if he makes a mistake. At Newcastle my friend and I alighted from the Flying Scotchman, one of the fastest trains in the world, and inquired of a guard how long it waited. On being told eight minutes, we proceeded to take a little lunch which took us a little over seven minutes. When my companion left the refreshment room I noticed him break into a run, and I began to hurry a little myself. The stationmaster rushed up, grabbed hold of one of my arms, and an official of some sort seized the other and I should remark that they gave me a very lively trip across that platform, and I was fired like a catapult into the door of the third-class carriage where I belonged, before I knew what was the matter. We learned from a fellow passenger that the guard was mistaken when he told us that the train waited eight minutes, five minutes being the time allowed. It was quite flattering to know the train had been held three minutes while my friend and I were finishing our lunch, third-class passengers at that. I reckon in America the fast train would have jogged along and left us waiting till now rather than have delayed the same length of time.

This sort of thing is noticeable everywhere. Porters, guards, hotel people, unless you have neglected to corrupt them with a shilling, all seem well informed as to your whereabouts and intentions, and it is difficult for any one of ordinary intelligence to make a mistake. Much as I adored the guards whose friendship and a compartment to oneself could be procured for half a crown, I could never become fond of their railway carriages—particularly the second and third-class. In Ireland coaches of that kind are simply abominable. To look at them was enough; we never sampled them. I am not proud, but I do not prefer to sit alongside the encrusted boots of the gentlemanly pig-merchant who, whilst in the pursuit of his honest avocation, acquires too much of the soil and aroma of the stye to be an agreeable traveling companion. On a fast train on a long-distance run the third-class is not bad, though we only tried it once. Even at the higher price first-class is much preferable, the latter on fast trains being now provided with modern conveniences, the absence of which makes the second and third-class a very disagreeable surprise to the American tourist.

After stopping off at York for a couple of hours to see the famous Minster, we stayed at Newark over night to see the old-fashioned town which was not the less attractive to me as it is my father's native place. These old towns are a curiosity, and no one has seen England who has not visited one and put up at the quaint inn with its tiled floors, low ceilings and wainscotted rooms. A couple of days in the country around Newark, particularly about Sherwood Forest, is time well spent, for there are many castles, more or less modern and magnificent, to which the visitor has access.

The first sight of London is generally a disappointment. Having always heard of it being the largest city in the world, one expects to be overawed by its size, but it does not "burst on the view" worth a cent. On approaching it the usual scattered suburbs make you aware that you are "there," but the expected sensation of awe and astonishment is not to be had. This is natural enough, for one can only see a very small section of a city at once, and the approach to London is no more impressive than a ride through Parkdale and not half so pretty. When you alight at King's Cross station nothing wonderful is found except the long string of hansoms and the willingness of the drivers to carry you almost anywhere for a shilling. The ride along Holborn and the Strand begins to reveal the vastness of the city and the continual bustling of the never-ceasing crowd. But even the far-famed crowds are a disappointment. At a single glance one can see infinitely more people on Broadway than on any street in London, and until you remember that the latter city has many thoroughfares of equal importance and recall the fact that New York has but one Broadway, you are apt to institute invidious comparisons between the Strand and the most famous of American streets. London streets are narrow, and the blockades of vehicles frequent, but the coolness and good temper of the drivers are almost as remarkable as the adroitness with which the London policemen manage the crowds.

Nothing in London impressed me so much as the policemen. They are never bumptious or anxious to make trouble. They are always polite, cool, collected, and when their finger is lifted in the middle of a crowded street, transit is stopped as suddenly as if the peeler had pulled a string which rendered every horse and driver motionless. The London policeman is respected. He never tries to show his authority nor betrays anxiety to run a man in. As long as a pedestrian is sober enough to stagger forward with the crowd he is let alone. A little fight, as long as it is stopped when the policeman interferes, is let pass as one of the incidents of the street. There is one thing, however, the policemen seem to have declared war upon, and that is obscene language. Foul talk on the street is not tolerated for a moment, and, moreover, is seldom heard. Anything calculated to obstruct traffic is also severely punished. I noticed a hundred things that occurred under the very eyes of the policemen, which in Toronto would have been sufficient to cause the arrest of every participant, but there the policemen simply stopped the disturbances and proceeded on their beats. The rule seems to prevail never to make an arrest unless it is absolutely necessary, and the result is that, with one exception, London is a wonderfully well ordered city. The exception to which I refer will be noticed by every traveler who strolls along the Strand or in Piccadilly in the evening, and it will be noted as a pestilence after dark and until midnight. The hordes of street-walkers soliciting the passer-by are a disgrace to Christian civilization. The fallen women of London who haunt certain streets are not only numbered by the thousands but by the tens of thousands. Concert halls, refreshment rooms and palatial gin-mills seem to have been erected for their especial accommodation, and fortunes are every year made by those who cater for this class of custom.

We stayed at the Hotel Metropole, which contained at the time we were there a trifle over a thousand guests, the majority of them from America. Northumberland avenue extends across two blocks from the Thames embankment to Trafalgar Square, adjacent to Charing Cross and the underground railway station. It is said to be the finest street in Europe, and consists of six structures—the Victoria Hotel, a small Bible Society building and the Hotel Metropole on one side, a theatre, the Constitutional Club and the Grand Hotel on the other. The three hotels will, I presume, accommodate a little over three thousand people. This will afford some idea of their size.

The Hotel Metropole is an admirably managed institution and is but a representative of a numerous class. At the entrance are a half-dozen gorgeously uniformed servants headed by a polyglot gentleman who is supposed to greet the new arrival in any of seventeen different languages. The first inquiry is the number of your room. They never seem to expect anyone to come there without having arranged for accommodation beforehand. We hadn't taken this precaution consequently were considered extremely lucky to get room number 749 on the seventh floor. However, I don't object to the seventh floor any more than I do to the sixth or fifth as far as height is concerned. A man may just as well jump from the roof in case of a fire as from the fifth flat, and there is not a sign of a fire-escape, though the corridors are supplied with hose, chemical engines and water buckets. A good stout clothes-line, hung somewhere near the head of the bed, would have greatly comforted me as I lay semi-somnolent wondering what would be my best programme in case of a fire. The situation of the room was delightful, overlooking Northumberland avenue, Trafalgar Square and the Thames embankment. From it we could get a splendid view of the city, and the air was fresh and cool. The elevator, too, at the Metropole comes nearer being modern than any "lift" I saw while I was away. As a rule the "lift" in a British or continental hotel is the meanliest conceivable imitation of an elevator, not being much better than those used in our warehouses. At the Royal McGregor, at Edinburgh, it was a little bit of a box, big enough to hold about four people, illuminated by an oil lamp, from which some oleaginous substance continually dripped on the garments of those who were confined in the pen. In many otherwise first-class hotels they were equally as bad, going so slow that the porter, who climbed the stairs with your portmanteau, always arrived at the room ahead of you.

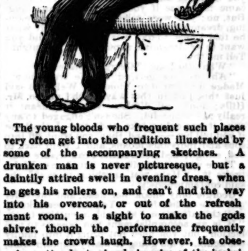
One feature, however, in a well managed London hotel discounts anything I have seen in America, and that is the system of hunting up a guest when a visitor calls to see him. For instance, you and your wife are staying at the Metropole and occupy room 253. Some one calls to see you and the bell boy takes the card up to your room and finds you out. In an American hotel this would end the search, but in England the boy proceeds to the reception-room, calls in the door, "Two hundred and fifty, gentleman;" and then at the door of the library he shouts "Two hundred and fifty, gentleman," and the same is repeated in the smoking-room, barber shop, dining and luncheon rooms. If the visitor wants to see the lady or gentleman in 250, the boy shouts "Two hundred and fifty, lady or gentleman." In this way, if a man is in the hotel at all he is found. The letters, too, are sent up to your room every evening; if you have a sitting-room they are sent up every half hour, when the delivery is made. Though the Metropole is the best hotel in England it is not an expensive place to stay. You can get a comfortable room for 6s., and to this will be added 1s. 6d. for attendance, leaving it still less than $2 a day, and both the apartment and service will be better than can be had in a New York hotel for that money. *Table d'hote* breakfast is from 2s. to 3s. 6d.; dinner 5s., considerably less than the charge would be at the Hoffman, the St. James, the Windsor, or any of the best New York hotels conducted on the European plan.

It is fun to see the Americans put on their evening dress to go to dinner. Of course it is expected of the guests in good hotels, but the American dames seem to vie with each other and their foreign sisters as to how little clothes they can put on and not be arrested for exposure. I heard a good story, which may possible be old, of a gentleman and his wife who were staying at the Metropole. They were at dinner one evening with an American lady to whom the gentleman showed undue attention. On leaving the dining-room Mr. American inquired of his wife if she didn't think Mrs. So-and-So's dress was very pretty and stylish. She remarked with polar frostiness "I really can't say; I didn't look under the table."

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," but I never really did until I saw the lofty apartment leading to the dining-room, library and reception-room, through which the guests must pass in entering or leaving the hotel. Immense palms spread their fan-like leaves over the beautiful flowering plants, and the couches on which maidens fair, who were fond of reclining in that public place, displayed their charms and saw the dresses of the hundreds who pass and re-pass on their way to dinner, or to take their carriage at the door. I give an illustration of the class of beauty one can gaze upon, remarking, as Ben Franklin did, when he first visited England, "I had never seen such a sight since I was weaned."

Of course we took in the music halls; every stranger is expected to do that. I saw a great many Americans there, accompanied by their wives, though the society is not as select as one might wish. There are twenty-three of these halls, of which the Alhambra and Empire, on Leicester square, the Pavilion on Piccadilly Circus are leading examples. The performance consists of ballets and a variety show. They are immense places, far more gorgeous than any of the thirty-three legitimate theaters. They have enormous restaurants and smoking-rooms attached, in which glee-dinners and musical-lunches are served, and these are more or less patronized by the majority of American visitors. Smoking and drinking continue throughout the performances in the theater portion of the building, and the female frequenters are of that class who seek to make your acquaintance without the formality of an introduction. Like the scenes on the Strand the gilded vice of the music halls is, and should be, shocking to those who are attracted to such places by nothing worse than curiosity.

The young bloods who frequent such places very often get into the condition illustrated by some of the accompanying sketches. A drunken man is never picturesque, but a daintily attired swell in evening dress, when he gets his rollers on, and can't find the way into his overcoat, or out of the refreshment room, is a sight to make the gods shiver, though the performance frequently makes the crowd laugh. However, the obsequious attendants simply inquire of the inebri-



ated guest, "Don't yew think hit time to gow 'ome, sir? 'bout clowsing-hup time, sir." There is never any firing out or bouncing, and even the tipsy people seem to retain enough manners to go "hout" quietly. Outside there is generally some seedy old customer who has sowed his wild oats and is spending his latter days in reaping them, who will assist the rocky individual to get "'ome," relying on tipsy gratitude for a generous fee, or perhaps hoping in some shady corner to acquire the watch and pocket-book of the unfortunate.

Nothing in England sickened me so much as these palatial sinks of sin to which people can go and still be considered respectable. The performances themselves are not unseemly, but as the halls are used as a rendezvous by fast people as a distributing bureau for vice, I am surprised that the curiosity of people from this side of the water should so generally make them patrons of such places.

It was too warm to go to many of the theaters, but we saw Irving as Mephistopheles and Ellen Terry as Marguerite, in Faust, at the Lyceum. It was frightfully warm, but the magnificent acting and splendid mounting of the play repaid us for our Turkish bath. I can now understand how such terrible fatalities are the result of theatre-fires in the Old Country. The majority of the houses are but fire traps and the exits entirely insufficient. If the Lyceum were to get on fire when crowded I should expect seventy-five per cent. of the audience to perish.

Not counting the theatres and music halls, there are twenty places of amusement, such as Madame Tussaud's, the Aquarium and Hengler's circus, in any of which you will be jostled by select types of the good, bad and indifferent. Then there was the Anglo-Danish Exhibition, the Irish Exhibition, the Italian Exhibition, a Cyclorama of Niagara and a score of other transient attractions, but few of which could be seen in so short a stay as ours. Sixteen picture galleries invite the lover of art; thirty public buildings are set down as absolutely necessary to see. There are between thirty and forty parks many of which are of great beauty; thirty museums, twenty-five monuments, fifteen markets and a vast number of historical spots in the neighborhood of the city are all worthy of the tourist's attention. Next week I will touch on a few features which struck me as of particular interest, and give my readers a trip to Brussels and Paris, and then some sketches on the road home will conclude this series of articles, of which I hope you have not become as tired as I have.

DON.

An Unexpected Dowry.

La Bruyere was almost a daily visitor at the house of Michallet, the bookseller, where he used to read the periodicals and divert himself with the little daughter of the publisher to whom he had taken a liking. One day he took a manuscript out of his pocket and said to Michallet, "Will you print this?" (it was the famous Caracteres) "I don't know whether it will pay you; but in case it goes off, the proceeds shall belong to my little friend here." The publisher, more doubtful of success than the author, undertook the publication of the work; but he had no sooner offered it for sale than it was bought up, and he was compelled to issue several editions of the book in rapid succession, which brought him in the sum of 300,000 francs. With this sum as her dowry the young lady afterwards made a most brilliant match.—*Memoirs de l'Academie.*

Evidently no Friend of Jim.

A scene in the sanctum.

Boy (to editor)—There's a man outside who wants to know who wrote that article on Jim Boggs who disappeared last week.

Editor—Go back and tell him you wrote it.

Boy (returning)—That's a nice man, boss.

Editor—What did he say when you told him.

Boy—He said that was the best piece we've had in the paper in a year, and he gave me a ten-dollar bill.

Quite Cutting.

"It is a strange thing," remarked Verishort to a friend, "that I sit at the same table with Brown in Dimley's restaurant, where we both dine every day, and Brown will not even recognize me!"

"Oh, you know that restaurant is noted for its cold cuts."

A Literary Opinion.

Miss Brewster (of Boston)—What do you think of Tolstoi, Miss Porker?

Miss Porker (of Chicago)—I have read Tolstoi with a great deal of interest. There is certainly a charming individuality about his writing. But I think that Rider Haggard can knock him silly.

The Cause of It.

Jagley—Wondah why that fellaw Wiggins has such a blawsted cold hand. Weally, it's just like a dog's muzzle.

Boggs—All the fault of his dwess, me boy; weare his collahs so awfully tight the blood cawn't get any lower than his chin.

Spouting Shake!

"Hello, Smith!" exclaimed Brown. "What have you been doing?"

"Been spouting Shakespeare," said Smith, who was on his way home from a penny reading.

"Really! How much did you get on him?" inquired Brown.

Be Mannerly If You Are Dying.

Poor Penhecker was taken very ill the other night, and, as he turned and twisted about in his agony, he informed his wife that he thought his last hour had come. Mrs. Penhecker received the news very philosophically, and, after a few minutes' interval, she observed, "Well, look here, Mr. Penhecker, you needn't kick the new sheet to pieces, even if you are dying."

Everything Goes.

Young Mother (to butcher)—I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?

Butcher—Yes, ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?

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We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

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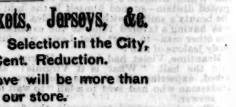

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Personal.

Miss Wilson of Detroit is visiting her relatives in Toronto.

Mr. Alfred Gooderham and family are still at Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Beattie and Miss Rogers are staying at the Lorne Park Hotel.

Mr. James Pringle and family are staying at Ward's Hotel on the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins have returned to town after a month's absence.

Hon. S. H. Blake and party left on Monday to join Mrs. Blake at Murray Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Reynolds have gone to Lorne Park to spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin and family are spending the summer at Lorne Park.

Mr. Henderson, barrister, of the firm of Small & Henderson, left last week for Maine.

Captain Heward of the Cavalry School at Quebec is in the city for a short visit.

Miss Gertrude King left town on Monday last for a month's visit to Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Geo. McKenzie and family are summering at Bishop Sweatman's house on the Island.

Rev. T. C. Street-Macklem and Mrs. Macklem leave shortly for a much needed rest in Muskoka.

Mr. C. H. Wallis of Montreal has been enjoying some grand trout fishing in the Lake St. John district.

Judge Falconbridge and party are spending a pleasant holiday at Trout Lake, in the Nipissing district.

Mr. Edward Lindsay Middleton will spend his holidays in Ottawa and Montreal during the next three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Fuller and Miss Spratt, after a month's visit to the Island, return next Tuesday to Woodstock.

Mrs. Douglas Armour returned on Wednesday from a month's stay with her father-in-law, Chief Justice Armour of Cobourg.

Miss Hume left by the C. P. R. last Saturday morning for Ottawa, and will spend the summer with her uncle, Mr. J. Byron Bessey.

The Oriole has at last started on her long expected Mackinac trip, leaving port on Tuesday last with a pleasant party on board.

Mr. F. Jopling is in Toronto spending a couple of weeks' vacation. Mr. Jopling does not confess himself as enamored of Montreal.

Miss Alice M. Adams of Chicago, who has been visiting friends in Toronto, has left for New York and the eastern watering places.

Mr. and Mrs. Saulter and Miss Saulter of Isabella street are at The Rocklands, Bobcaygeon, where they intend staying during the next few weeks.

Mrs. J. T. Fisher and daughter of Gloucester street, after spending six weeks at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake, have extended their visit to Montreal.

The Mackinac trip is steadily growing in favor, large numbers of Torontonians availing themselves of the numerous chances for making this cheap and pleasant trip.

Judge McDougall, Mr. Walter Read and Miss Read are at Port Sandfield, Muskoka. During the absence of Judge McDougall, Mr. F. N. Morson discharges the duties of the judicial office.

Mr. H. D. Gamble is still on the Atlantic coast, and is at present staying at the Berkeley, Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Gamble is evidently as fond of tennis as ever, and has entered for the tournament which comes off very shortly at Newport.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., left town on Tuesday last for Chautauqua and will be absent for a fortnight. He intends furthering his elocutionary studies under Professor Cumnock, who is generally considered one of the finest elocutionists in the States.

Mr. Geo. A. Burnham, Associate P. O. Inspector, Toronto, left on Monday last for an extended tour eastward. He will be joined by his sister, Miss Burnham, on the Atlantic coast. On their return trip they will visit New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other eastern cities.

Last Saturday's dance at Monreith, on the Island, was hardly up to concert pitch as far as enjoyment is concerned. The necessary people to make a pleasant evening were present, but unfortunately, the thermometer obstinately remained in the nineties, and after one or two dances it was decided to adjourn until "some other evening."

The following guests are registered at the Ferndale House, Muskoka: Mrs. P. H. Burton and family, Miss Caldecott, Toronto; Mrs. Scatchard, Strathroy; Mr. W. J. Anderson and family, Miss Meredith, Miss Macbeth, Mrs. Labatt, Miss Lena Labatt and family, two nurses and five children, London; Mrs. W. H. Scripture, nurse and child, Toronto; Mrs. Le Moine, Mrs. Blake and Miss Blake, Toronto; Mrs. Campbell and child, Toronto.

Dr. W. G. King Dodds' friends will regret to hear of his continued illness, which has assumed serious proportions. The family had left for the seaside a week ago last Monday, and had just settled down in their new quarters when Dr. Johnston, who is attending Dr. King Dodds, telegraphed the family to return here. Up to the hour of going to press the doctor is in a very critical condition. His illness is typhoid and summer fever combined.

Little Metis in the Province of Quebec has evidently attractive qualities for Torontonians, several of whom are enjoying the pleasant summer hours at that health giving resort. Amongst others who confess themselves as warm supporters of Metis are Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, the Misses Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, and Miss Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Wood and many others. Boating, fishing, concerts, dancing and three churches are proof sufficient that Metis keeps pace with the times.

Sir Adam Wilson, in the unavoidable absence of the bride's father, gave away the bride at the marriage of Mr. W. E. Rowley of Gawthorne Hall, Yorkshire, and Glassandale, Cumberland, with Miss Frances Richards, daughter of Hon. A. Richards, Q. C., of Victoria, British Columbia. The marriage took place in London, England. Miss Chaffey of Winnipeg, a cousin of the bride's, and Miss Ross, daughter of the late Hon. John Ross, were the bridesmaids. After the wedding Mrs. Ross held a reception at her residence in South Kensington.

The following are the arrivals at Lake View House, Grimsby Park: Mr. W. T. Wickam and wife, Mr. Thomas Harris and wife, Mr. Thomas Wade and wife, Mr. Frank M. Foster, Mr. Wm. Buck, Mr. P. Buck, Mr. W. E. Buck, Mr. Jas. A. Wallace, Mr. Frank M. Foster, Mr. Wm. Patterson, Mr. E. Norh, Brantford; Mr. B. O'Bryane, Miss Katie O'Bryane, Mr. Adam Armstrong, Mr. J. S. Charles, Mrs. Wm. Walker, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. McLean, Mr. B. Lloyd and wife, Mr. Wm. Simpson and wife, Mrs. Frank Brown, Miss Brown, Mrs. W. McMurray, Mrs. Crapper, Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, Mr. Ross Eckhardt, Mr. W. H. Irving, Mr. W. T. Fischer, Mr. T. McIntyre, Mr. Robert Thompson and sons, Mr. A. F. Price, Mr. R. Irving Walker, Rev. W. F. Wilson, Toronto; Mr. J. W. Main, Mr. J. B. Dixon, Brampton; Mr. A. E. Carpenter and family, Miss Helen F. Fraser, Mr. R. Fraser, Mr. W. A. Robinson, Mr. Egerton Debew and family, Hamilton; Mrs. Devlin, St. Thomas; Mr. J. A. Rankin and wife, Aurora; Mrs. P. Folwell, Parkdale; Mr. Geo. A. Hamilton, Mr. J. W. Chadwick, St. Catharines; Miss Nina Woolverton, Dr. Woolverton, Washington, D.C.; Mr. W. H. Mussen, Miss E. Mussen, Toronto; Mr. Geo. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford Hamilton; Miss S. Humphrey, Mrs. Pearcey, Mr. Charles Pearson, Mrs. Pearson, Toronto.

BANK NOTES.

Mr. Connolly of the Commerce is still unable to resume his duties.

Mr. Brough, Mrs. Brough and family are at Sturgeon Point for the summer.

Mr. W. Dick of the Montreal is not expected home from England until September.

Mr. A. M. Ross of the Bank of Montreal left last week for a fortnight at Old Orchard Beach.

Mr. Evan A. Begg of the Dominion Bank is spending his holidays in Muskoka, from whence he will go to Strathroy.

Mr. George S. Crawford of the Bank of Montreal, and family left last Saturday for a three weeks' stay at Orchard Beach.

Mr. Hinds of the Merchants' Bank, Belleville, was in town during the week, on his way home from the Muskoka lakes.

Mr. Bob Morris of the Bank of Montreal goes to Picton to relieve Mr. R. Traves, who is filling his father's place at the Hamilton branch.

Mr. Samuel Raymond, assistant accountant in the Imperial Bank, has selected Muskoka for a camping ground during the next two weeks.

Mr. E. W. Holder, accountant of the Merchants' Bank at Ingersoll, is in town. Mr. Hodder is well known in Toronto, and is a son of the late Dr. Hodder.

Mr. O. N. Rowley of the Merchants' Bank, Chatham, was in the city during the present week, *en route* for Ottawa, where he will stay at his brother's place for the next two weeks.

Mr. Broderick of the Molsons Bank, who left for England a few weeks ago, is going to the Cape of Good Hope by the advice of his physician, and will not return until the first week in November.

Mr. E. W. Dent, accountant in the Mitchell branch of the Merchants' Bank, spent a couple of days in town before going east for the balance of his holidays. During his absence Mr. John Inglis assumes the duties of his office.

Messrs. H. C. Webster, H. R. Boulton and J. M. Greatan are counting the hours which elapse between now and the rapidly approaching time when the cares of office will be discarded for the delights of well earned summer holidays.

Messrs. F. Northwood, H. S. Northwood and R. S.Ately, members of the Chatham Canoeing Club, have just completed a canoe trip from Chatham to Rondeau. The route was down the Thames, across Lake St. Clair to Detroit, through the Detroit River to Lake Erie, and from thence to their destination at Rondeau.

It is with unfeigned regret that SATURDAY NIGHT hears of the recent death of Mr. William Thompson, the late accountant of the Renfrew branch of the Merchants' Bank. Few men in the service were more widely known and generally respected than "Irish" Thompson, whose yea was yea and whose nay was nay to every man with whom he came in contact.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Social questions intrude themselves more and more upon the minds of thinking people; we read discussions of them in our daily papers, in our religious and secular weeklies; we even talk of them in society! and most of us are prepared to orate on the several popular theories propounded by demagogue and philanthropist. The line of demarcation between the ideas of these respective worthies is difficult to find. One is influenced by pure and expressed egotism, the other by what he wishes us, most likely, to look upon as equally pure altruism. Philanthropy and fanaticism in our modern eyes often come surprisingly near.

This social study seems dry enough considered apart; it is loaded down with a literature and a cruse of cant and vain imagery; it is polluted with rabid anarchy and veneered with timid humanity. To make the matter vital, to give life to the dry bones of the thing, we want it shown to us at home; we need some clear head to draw the actual likeness, the conditions and the people that make a closer inquiry into related lives necessary. Many of us live out lives of comparative comfort and content, never dreaming that there are really undercurrents of life of which we know nothing. We grow obtuse—selfish is the word needed, I think. Novels, as they give us types of people, must also, to be worthy of credit, give us the minds of those people as an open book, whereon we may read our own failings and rejoice in our own admirable qualities. If I were asked to name literary values I should start with poetry, as being the highest and best power for truth and beauty, and then follow with fiction. Some of the best and most enduring lessons of my life, I trace distinctly to The Newcomes, and to Hawthorne's Great Stone Face. Good novels are stepping stones to a good education; they broaden one's views, instil noble ideas, leaven the dull and vexatious routine of ordinary existence with a spirit of profound tolerance and appreciation of our own petty individualisms. In a new story issued by Macmillan & Co. of London and New York, the title of which suggests at once its purpose, Fraternity, a young Welsh woman, for such I understand the author to be, gives us her very enthusiastic and oftentimes very fascinating ideas on the relations of the rich and poor. She draws a delightful picture of the primitive simplicity of an old Welsh family who have been landed proprietors for ages and whose dignity and self-respect are founded on a long record of strong and faithful well-doing in the arduous work of finding a living in the face of almost hopeless natural obstacles. Honor is theirs by right of time and deeds. Her strictures upon the aristocracy of wealth and selfishness are, I should judge, not abstractions, but born of the fire in the soul. The idea of universal brotherhood is a poet's one, a fit conception for a God or a saint, and though in the nature of all things earthly it may be but a shadow's shadow, yet to know and feel with another the infinite blessings of such a possibility, to feel our sympathies deepened at the thought has some soul value.

If you are reading "Annie Kilburn," by Howells, you are studying sociology in a very entertaining and charming way. Here we can take our text from the mind of a close observer of our current native life, and also find the sermon not too harshly spelled out between the lines. It is a healthful indication, I think, this interest in vital everyday questions. We have little time to grind at Spencer, and George and their kind; but we all have time to read novels. Mr. Howells, with all his delicate art and wonderful tact and intimate knowledge of human nature, is exposing to view the incongruities and trivialities of an effort to realize what they call "Social Union," by the well-to-do transient summer visitors of South Hatboro.

Another late novel that handles social matters in a vigorous and striking way, is First Harvests, by F. J. Stimson. He has given us a spirited and dramatic description of a strike in the coal region, and a view of inner Wall street that would justify many of the pious strictures upon that mart of Mammon. The old-time love story has degenerated into "trash." The modern novel, realistic or idealistic, finds much of its "fiction" ready made; the writer only needs the sensitive plate of the photographer.

Most great successes in novel writing have been the outcome of a close and philosophic analysis of things as they exist, as we all feel and see them, inconsiderately; the writer expresses our thoughts, gives form to our impressions, shows us what people and things mean. He gives us the world in little. The relations of classes, the conditions of the working people, the ambitions of rich and poor, the hearts and brains of men and women as they are, with their infinite complexities and contrasts, are prime subjects of interest to us all. The modern novelists digest for us the modern scientists. The fiction of our day is more nearly truth than ever before, the point of view is direct. It is not subjective, but paramountly objective.

CARRINGTON.

New York, August 6, 1888.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

We have had a visit from the gentleman who for the next four or five years will be practically the arbiter in matters social in this fair town of Ottawa. I mean the Hon. Capt. C. Colville, military secretary to his Excellency the Governor-General. Capt. Colville is the eldest son of Baron Colville of Culross. He is an athletic looking soldier, not yet reached his thirty-fifth year, and is a captain in that swell regiment, the Grenadier Guards. He is married to a daughter of Col. Henry Dorrien-Streatfeld and is consequently related by marriage to Lord Lansdowne's military secretary. The popularity, or otherwise, of a Governor-General is as much due to the staff which surrounds him as to his own personal qualities. The young men to whom Lord Lansdowne entrusted his social arrangements were in every way worthy of the trust. Capt. Streatfeld was so successful in his relations with the people that when his departure took place people in Ottawa society felt as if they were parting with one who could not be replaced. Time will tell whether his successor is similarly gifted with the power of pleasing.

Mr. C. H. McIntosh and family have gone to Portland for a few weeks.

Gatineau Point is a very popular summer play-ground for the people of Ottawa, and I find that the following ladies and gentlemen are putting in the heated term there: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Gisborne, Miss Gisborne, Mr. Henri Roy, Mr. Charles De Lanaudière, Mr. J. S. Brough, Mr. Ebzebert Roy, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bauce and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Baldwin and family, Miss Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Chenevert, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. H. Howard, Mrs. Norton and the Misses Norton, Mr. and Mrs. McL. Mainey, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert and family, Mr. and Mrs. Larose and family, Mr. F. E. Audet, Mr. and Mrs. Bareau and family, Mr. Short, Mr. Gilbert.

WATCHMAN.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DEVANEY—On July 28, at 37 Sullivan street, Mrs. T. B. Devaney—a son.

MACKAY—At Toronto, Mrs. George Donald Mackay—a son.

PLUMMER—On August 2, at 278 Huron street, Mrs. A. E. Plummer—a son.

APPLEBE—On August 2, at Parry Sound, Mrs. J. Applebe—a son.

CARMAN—On August 1, at St. Andrew's, Manitoba, Mrs. J. A. Carman—a son.

CRAIGIE—On August 7, at Bobcaygeon, Mrs. J. R. Craigie—a son.

HOLMES—On August 6, at Walkerville, Mrs. J. Holmes—a daughter.

MURRAY—On August 7, at 60 Bond street, Mrs. W. T. Murray—a daughter.

ROSS—On August 4, at Montreal, Mrs. William Ross—a daughter.

HALL—On August 5, at 15 McGill College avenue, Montreal, Mrs. Robert Hall—a daughter.

MACADAMS—On August 1, in Hamilton, Mrs. A. H. Macadams—a daughter.

BROWN—On August 2, at 704 Yonge street, Mrs. H. T. Brown—a daughter.

SWITZER—On August 6, at Richmond Hill, Mrs. J. A. E. Switzer—a daughter.

CRAWFORD—On August 5, at Elmvale, Mrs. R. A. Crawford—a son.

SCHOFF—On August 4, at 24 Victor avenue, Mrs. Elgin Schoff—a daughter.

Marriages.

BOVINGDON—MAGUIRE—On August 1, at St. George's Church, Ottawa, by Rev. Owen Jones, James E. Bovingdon, of Middlesex, Eng., to Elizabeth, only daughter of John Maguire, Grenville, Que.

CLARK—IRVINE—On August 1, at the residence of the bride's mother, Ottawa, by Rev. James Allen, M.A., Dr. John R. Clark to Jennie Irvine, all of Cobourg.

FOSTER—CAMERON—On July 17, at Gresham, Hants, by Ven. Archdeacon Philpott, grandfather of the bridegroom, and Ven. Archdeacon Wright, rector of the parish, and Rev. Charles J. Foster, uncle of the bridegroom, Carville Douglas Foster, 2nd Batt., the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), eldest son of the late Rev. Joseph Foster, rector of Gresham, to Madeline, youngest daughter of the late Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, Q.C., of Toronto.

HAMILTON—WALLS—On August 1, at the residence of the bride's father, Toronto, by Rev. George Abbs, assisted by Rev. James Liddy, Dr. C. H. Hamilton of Parry Sound, to Ada, eldest daughter of Robert Walls, Toronto.

LATTIMORE—LEYBOURNE—On August 1, at Idylwild Cottage, Georgetown, by Rev. B. J. Sanders, Harry Lattimore of Nichol, to Mary Leybourne of Pikington.

MITCHELL—GRIER—On August 1, at Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, by Rev. Canon White, rector of St. John's Church, Iroquois, Ont., to Charlotte Withycombe, the late Robert Withycombe, to Clara G., youngest daughter of James Grier.

CHICK—SCRIPTURE—On July 31, at St. Paul's Church, Bloor street, by Rev. J. O. Miles, B.A., William J. Chick to Agnes, eldest daughter of Thomas Murphy, all of Toronto.

ROBERTSON—WILSON—On August 1, at Stratford, by Rev. J. F. Gerrie, B. A., Gilbert J. Robertson, to Clara J., eldest daughter of James Wilson, all of Stratford.

DOWNEY—SHERWOOD—On August 1, by Very Rev. F. Rooney, V.G., M. Downey, to Ella Sherwood, youngest daughter of Jas. Sherwood, Milton West, Ont.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—ROWE—On August 2, at St. John's Church, Port Hope, by Rev. Heber J. Hazlitt, assisted by Rev. G. A. Anderson, John Edgar Featherstonhaugh of Toronto, to Maude Helen, eldest daughter of Henry Rowe.

HARCOURT—COPP—On August 7, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. John Burton, B. D., Robert R. Harcourt, to Eleanor, third daughter of W. W. Copp.

PHILLIPS—BILLING—By Rev. R. Wild, Arthur Edward Phillips, to Maud Mary, third daughter of W. H. Billing, both of Toronto.

SMITH—SMITH—At 14 Maple Grove, Parkdale, E. E. Smith, to Etta, eldest daughter of Rev. Jas. Smith.

Deaths.

BOXALL—On August 6, at Cookstown, Norman Louis Boxall.

BEATTY—On August 7, at Scarboro', George Beatty, aged 54 years.

BRAMISTO—On August 1, at Rat Portage, Helen Minota Bramisto, aged 15 months.

BEYDON—On August 6, at Collingwood, Edward Shanly Beydon, aged 13 months and 18 days.

COURSOL—On August 4, at 36 Thomas Montmagny, Que., C. J. Coursol, Q.C., M.P., aged 69 years.

CAMPBELL—On July 31, at Interlaken, Switzerland, after a few days' illness, Hester Sandwith, eldest surviving daughter of the late Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

GRUNDY—On August 3, at Peterborough, Ont., Emeline Louisa Grundy, aged 1 year, 10 months, 18 days.

GREENFIELD—On August 7, Frances Greenfield, aged 26 years.

HOSKIN—On August 5, at London, Philip Hoskin, aged 38 years.

HURRY—On August 5, Ann Hurry, aged 79 years.

HUTCHISON—On August 3, at Montreal, Margaret Clarke Hutchison.

MCCLENNAND—On August 6, at Scarboro', Lucinda McClennand, aged 72 years.

STRINGER—On August 5, drowned at St. Rose, Que., Robert Stringer, aged 26 years.

SWIMSON—On August 5, at Hamilton, Rev. E. R. Stimson, aged 64 years.

COX—On August 2, at Worcester, Mass, Harry Cox, aged 40 years.

CAVERLEY—On August 2, at Latimer, Margaret Horning Caverley, aged 81 years.

McINTOSH—On August 5, at Montreal, John McIntosh, aged 70 years.

McMILLAN—On August 5, at Toronto, Mary Frances McMillan, aged 32 years.

NATTRESS—On August 2, at Brampton, Mrs. Ann Nattress, aged 73 years.

NESBITT—On June 25, at San Francisco, Cal., John Philip Nesbitt, aged 60 years.

SYMONNDS—On July 31, at Elmsdale, Muskoka, Blanche Gertrude Symonds, of London.

BOULTBEE—On August 5, at Pefferlaw, Ont., Mary Johnson, aged 53 years.

CLARK—On August 6, at Colborne, Richard Clark, M.P.P., aged 52 years.

MURPHY—On August 5, at 29 North street, Mary T. Murphy, aged 9 months.

AYLESWORTH—On August 7, at Newburgh, Job Aylesworth, aged 88 years.

SCALES—On August 8, at 257 Church street, Cornelia Jane Scales, aged 63 years.

BOULTBEE—On August 6, at Vancouver, British Columbia, Gertrude Boultbee, aged 8 years.

HAXENDALE—On August 3, at East Luther, Ellen Baxendale, aged 60 years.

LAWSON—At Westminster, Geo. F. Lawson, B.A., aged 30 years.

THOMPSON—On July 25, at Renfrew, William Thompson, aged 38 years.

WHYTE—On August 4, at Don Paper Mills, Lillie Mackenzie Whyte, aged 9 months.

MILLS—On August 3, Janet Kerr Mills, aged 78 years.

CARSON—On August 5, at Brantford, Dr. Wm. C. Carson, aged 80 years.

An Unique Tourney.

F. E. MAGURRIN.

The click of the writing machine is a familiar sound to most of our readers. In Toronto alone hundreds of young men and women are daily striking the glistening keys for a livelihood, and much of the drudgery of writing by pen, as well as much of the difficulty in reading hand-writing, has been saved by this steel ribbed assistant in office work.

For several years a series of challenges on impossible terms have been bandied about by rival makers of writing machines, but no contest between operators on a broad and equitable basis has been settled upon until now. The Canadian Shorthand Society has arranged for a type-writing tourney, open to any operator of any machine in the world, to be held in the Normal School, Toronto, on Monday afternoon next. About twenty-five entries have already been made, and several of those reveal the names of persons who have already achieved a reputation for remarkable speed.

Magurrin, of Salt Lake City, for instance, last week in New York wrote 778 words in five minutes, or an average of over 95 words per minute. Miss Orr of New York at the same time and place, wrote at an average of nearly 94 words a minute. Both of these are Remington operators, and nearly a dozen other contestants will use that machine.

Mrs. Henderson, wife of A. J. Henderson, Superior Court reporter of this city, is a Callgraph operator, and those acquainted with her capabilities predict that the Remington record will have to be exceeded if she does not get the first prize for speed. A dozen other Callgraph operators have also entered, among whom are such performers as young McBride of the Militia Department, Ottawa.

MRS. HENDERSON.

The contest will be a peculiar one, and will settle the speed question for some time to come. It is to the credit of the Shorthand Society that the conditions of the contest have met with the approval of the leading firms interested in the manufacture of writing machines, for heretofore the representatives of rival instruments could never agree upon a basis for a trial of speed. The contest will be witnessed only by members of the society and the press, but in the evening the general public will be made welcome in the theatre of the Normal School, when the decision of the judges will be read, the medals and other prizes awarded, and addresses on shorthand and typewriting will be delivered.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Mr. A. A. Knox, the hatter, has capped all previous efforts, and has secured the contract for supplying the police with winter caps.

Concerning the New Bonnet.

Wife—You dear, good, generous man! You thought you would surprise me, did you? How kind and thoughtful of you! Isn't it a perfectly lovely bonnet?

Husband—What do you mean? I didn't order that bonnet.

Wife—Now, don't try to deceive me, John. I know you ordered it, on purpose to surprise me. And I am surprised and delighted. And it so cheap, too; only $10. They sent the bill along with it. And the queer thing about it is that I sent a letter to this very shop just about a year ago, ordering a bonnet that I had selected, and they never paid any attention to it. Strange, wasn't it? I had always been there before, and they knew the style that suited me best. That must be how they happened to fit me so nicely with this one—

Husband—But look here, Susan; I didn't order that bonnet, and I'm not going to pay for it. Don't try to play any tricks on me.

Wife (in an altered tone)—John, what did you wear the day before yesterday?

Husband—It was a coldish day, and I wore my light spring overcoat.

Wife—You don't remember that a little over a year ago I gave you a letter to post to this shop?

Husband—Of course not. I—good gracious! I must have posted it the day before yesterday, along with another lot of letters, without looking at it. I see.

Wife—And it's nothing but a last year's bonnet! (Weeps.)

Plantation Notes.

Visitors to the tobacco planter know no greater treat than being serenaded by "the hands." They are so desirous that the master's guests may enjoy themselves, that when they know there are visitors they invariably arrange "a surprise." After dinner on some balmy moon-lit night when the master and his guests are taking coffee on the verandah, soft, and as if it proceeded from far away, begins this wondrous vocal music. The voices are so sweet and mellow, and blend so exquisitely, whilst the music is so strange and full of melody, that the charm of novelty is added to all the rest. Some one recovers sufficiently from astonishment to inquire what it is, and then goes on to ask who trained them, and who composes their music?

These questions cannot be satisfactorily answered, for they have no other training; it comes to them to sing like that, and their music is handed down from generation to generation by ear, and not printed notes. What we know as nigger melodies they sing occasionally, but their own lore is a thing apart from these.

The next part of the surprise is a sudden illumination of torches from behind shrubs on the lawn, each torch emerging with an accompaniment of woolly heads. Then the picturesque procession moves up to the verandah, still singing.

At last there is silence, broken only by the voice of a fine old negro, who, in the name of "the hands," bids the guests welcome, and offers them music each night that they may care to hear it. Then they sing a little more, and at last move off, delighted with cordial thanks and applause, which they intensely appreciate.

Solitude is the audience chamber of God.—*Landor.*

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men. *Rabelais.*

Paradise undeserved is satire in disguise.—*Broadhurst.*

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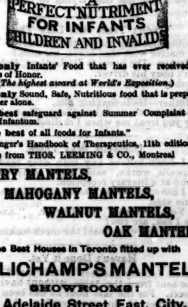

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The Match Girls of London.

THE successful issue of the recent strike of the match girls of East London must be gratifying to all persons of humane instincts. And none the less so, when we are acquainted with the conditions of life of this unfortunate class, of which an English paper says: There is something infinitely pathetic in the whole situation. Here are thousands of girls, not, for the most part, innately worse than their more fortunate sisters, yet whose lives are miserably cramped and warped by the long toil necessary to earn enough money to keep pinched body and weary soul together, and all for what? In the answer to this may be found the secret of much of the misery and discontent which characterise this class of worker in this and other great cities. These lives are sacrificed upon the unholy altar of Competition—a competition, too, absolutely unnecessary and illegitimate. The infinitesimal price of matches might perfectly well be doubled without inflicting any inconvenience worthy of the name even upon the great masses of the people, and yet, for the sake of this miserable economy, men and women of ample means are content to buy matches at the rate of twelve boxes a penny, when, if the prices were doubled, the things would still be ridiculously cheap, while the lot of a hardworking, long-suffering, poverty-stricken class would be sensibly improved.

The home of the match-maker is, as a rule, squalid to the last degree. If, as is usually the case, she is one of a numerous family, the horrors of that communal life cannot be easily exaggerated. There is no longer any room for

surprise, although ample for regret, that the streets and the public-house bar are the chosen pleasure resorts of Maria and Matilda Ann. The reeking, polluted atmosphere of a bar, redolent of blasphemy and foul horrors, may be very loathsome; the vileness and temptations of the streets may be very repulsive to such of us as have had the advantage of pure, it may be beautiful, homes, and whose ears and eyes were at least preserved unsullied during childhood's most impressionable years, by the absence of all that might offend either sense. But what are they to these poor girls? Simply the only contrast, the only antidote to a life of colorless, hopeless, and well-nigh unremittent toil. The hand which, it may be, has deftly handled matches during the day, may be seen eagerly clutching a quart pot at night; the lips which may have been pitilessly sealed all day, lest the snatched scrap of conversation should waste the precious time in which money could be made—for others—may, conceivably enough run riot in foul license and indecencies when the iron curb is removed.

Out of Balance.

Dusenberry came home in the "wee, sma' hours" of the night. He had been to a political meeting and was full of patriotism and beer. His wife challenged him from the top of the stairs.

"A nice time to be coming home, indeed. Those clubs——"

"S'my dear (hic) s'wasn't at the (hic) club," declared Dusenberry, with a suspicion that his tongue was a little thick.

"At the lodge, then, which is as bad," rejoined Mrs. Dusenberry.

"Nor (hic) at s'lodge, neither," hiccoughed he. "I wash at office balancing the—the books."

He made a lurch, grabbed for the bannister, missed it and went sprawling on the floor.

"Balancing the books, indeed," sneered she. "You spent the time trying to balance yourself."

Didn't Treat Him Like That.

Bobby (looking out of the window)—What's the matter with that horse, mamma?

Mother—The horse is disobedient, Bobby; he won't obey his driver.

Bobby—Well, what's the man patting him for?

Mother—He is coaxing him.

Bobby (with an injured air)—That ain't the way you treat me when I'm disobedient.

Dhowells Was There.

"I don't believe any man ever read all of Dhowells' works," said Carper to an admiring group at a literary reception.

"I have," asserted a meek-looking gentleman at his side.

"You have, eh?" said Carper. "And who, may I ask, are you?"

"I am Dhowels," said the meek-looking man.

Haven't Done it Yet.

Little Johnny has been naughty, and has had to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For the last hour he has been sitting in a corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop.

"Well! I hope you have done crying now?" says his mother.

Johnny (in a passion)—I haven't done. I'm only resting!"

They Declared the Fight Off.

About ten o'clock one morning two men met and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple, when a woman opened the door and said, "Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are," they answered together.

"Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued, "my husband has been ill for weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very down-hearted this morning; and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window, I know he'll feel very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and, after one look into each other's faces, the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.

Couldn't Go Back on His Own Diagnosis.

A professor of medicine who was dangerously ill told the colleagues at his beside that according to his diagnosis he could not live longer than three days. After three days, however, he began to mend, and his wife spoke to him in a hopeful strain, but the professor interrupted her angrily with the words, "Don't talk to me in this way. I must die; do you want me to make myself ridiculous?

Even the Keyhole Was Gone.

Mr. Simkins often declares that he never drinks anything stronger than claret. Last night he came home at midnight, and, putting his lips to his wife's ear, he whispered, mysteriously:

"Hush, my dear; don't be alarmed, but there are burglars about. They have already stolen our keyhole; I had to get in by the kitchen window!"

How He Foretold Rain.

A well-known Edinburgh professor, enjoying his holidays in the Highlands, was riding along the road upon a little pony, when a herd-boy accosted him. "Hae, mastie," cried the youngster, "ye'll be as weel to hurry up if ye dinna want a wet skin." The professor went unheedingly on his way. Sure enough, before he had ridden two miles down came the rain, and he was drenched to the skin as predicted. Somewhat astonished at the boy's prescience, he retraced his way, dispite the heavy rain, until he came to where the boy was standing underneath a tree. "How did you happen to know, my boy," asked the professor, "that the rain was coming on so soon?" "What'll ye gi'en to tell ye?" returned the lad, with true Scotch caution. "I'll give you this," said the professor, taking out half-a-crown. "Weel, gies't," said the boy, eagerly. When he had obtained possession of the coin, he turned to the professor and said, "Dee see yon tup beside the broom cowe?" "Yes," said the professor. "Awell," replied the lad, "whenever ye see that tup turning its hurdies into that broom cowe, ye may be sure that rain's no far awa'."

It Did Look Hopeless.

Mother—What did young Mr. Thompkins say to you, Clara, last night, while he was trying to button your glove?

Clara (sadly)—He said that the man who would make a glove that wouldn't button easier than that ought to be hanged.

Mother—Well, I wouldn't waste any more time there.

No Doubt About It.

Mistress of the house—Did you tell the lady I was out, Bilvina?

Bilvina—Yes, mum.

"Did she seem to have any doubts about it?"

"No, mum. She said she knew you wasn't."

Next Case.

Magistrate—What's the charge?

Witness—The prisoner is my husband, and he hasn't given a penny towards the support of his family for six weeks.

Magistrate—Have you any money?

Prisoner—I've got two dollars.

Magistrate—Two dollars fine. Next case.

No Good.

A new reporter was sent to investigate a rumor that a well-known citizen had become insane. The next morning the following paragraph appeared in the paper: "There was a report yesterday that something was the matter with Mr. Sander's head. It is as sound as it has always been. There is nothing in it." The reporter's career ended there and then.

Too Much Curiosity.

A—How do you like your landlady?

B—She is a very clever woman, but she has too much curiosity.

"In what direction?"

"She is always asking me when I am going to pay my bill."

When a new book comes out, I read an old one.—*Rogers.*

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